BRITANNIA and EVE

FEBRUARY
1942

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JANE GORDON

1/3

COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

Wolsey's tailored 'Shirtmakers' in softest jersey, Brevets for a sleek easy-to-wash foundation, and Klirsheer for smarter legs and longer wear. War has made them all scarce. Seize them when you see them!

CHILDREN are continuously building—building bones, teeth, tissue, nerves and muscles. They draw the building material from the food they eat. If the food is unsuitable, or lacking in quantity, their development is spoiled. It may be very difficult to make up for it in after life, no matter how good their food then may be. Therefore, where there are wartime shortages, "fair shares for everyone" means that for certain foods, children must come first.

MILK

For all-round sturdy growth and development, the nourishment that milk gives *cannot be replaced by any other single food.* That is why the Government have placed the "priority age" for milk as high as 17, and have taken other steps to provide more milk for younger children. There are now three Milk Schemes operating to the benefit of children — the National Milk Scheme, the Milk in Schools Scheme, and the new Milk Distribution Scheme.

FRUIT JUICE AND COD LIVER OIL

The Ministry of Health and the Ministry of Food have combined to make available this winter, FREE supplies of cod liver oil compound and black currant juice and purée (later orange juice from America) to all children under 2.

Cod liver oil is one of the richest sources of Vitamins A and D. Vitamin A encourages steady growth, good eyesight and resistance to illness; Vitamin D helps to develop good dense bone and a robust constitution. The fruit juices are rich in Vitamin C — important for general health and the development of good teeth. *The Government intends that children shall have every chance of a good start in life!*

ORANGES

When fresh oranges are available, children under 6 are given priority. A small child finds difficulty in taking enough potatoes, green vegetables, and salads to provide all the Vitamin C he requires. It is a matter of "tummy capacity." So when there are oranges to be had, it is fair that the little ones should have first call on them, rather than their elders who can, and should, eat plenty of the ordinary Vitamin C foods.

EGGS

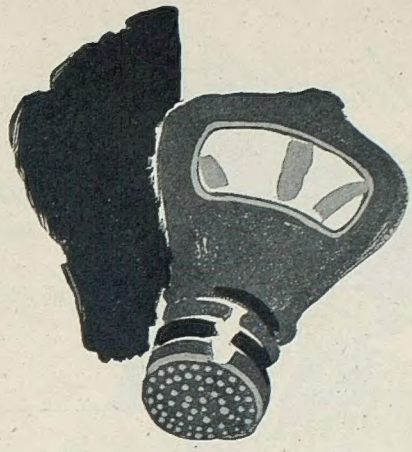
Although not an *essential* food, eggs contain valuable nourishment in digestible form, which makes them convenient for children. Four eggs are allowed on each Child's Ration Book to every egg allowed on an Adult's Ration Book.

SCHOOL MEALS

Older children, growing fast, need more food than grown-ups following sedentary occupations. The Government have encouraged local authorities to arrange for as many as possible of the children attending State-aided schools to have a good appetising meal, at very reasonable cost, served in or near the school on every full school day. Where no cooking arrangements exist, these are being provided as far and as quickly as possible.

Please let your children take full advantage of the Government's Priority Schemes for you. Your Local Food Office will gladly give you particulars.

(S28)



When we say "Good-bye" to gas-masks

What will peace bring for you? Gladness? Thankfulness? Or an uncomfortable feeling that you might have done more when your country stood in need?

Make up your mind today to spend money only on necessities. However much you are saving now, a closer study of your personal budget is certain to show that you can make further economies. Invest to the utmost in 3% Savings Bonds. Our fighting men are doing their job; they leave the financial front in your care. You cannot let them down.

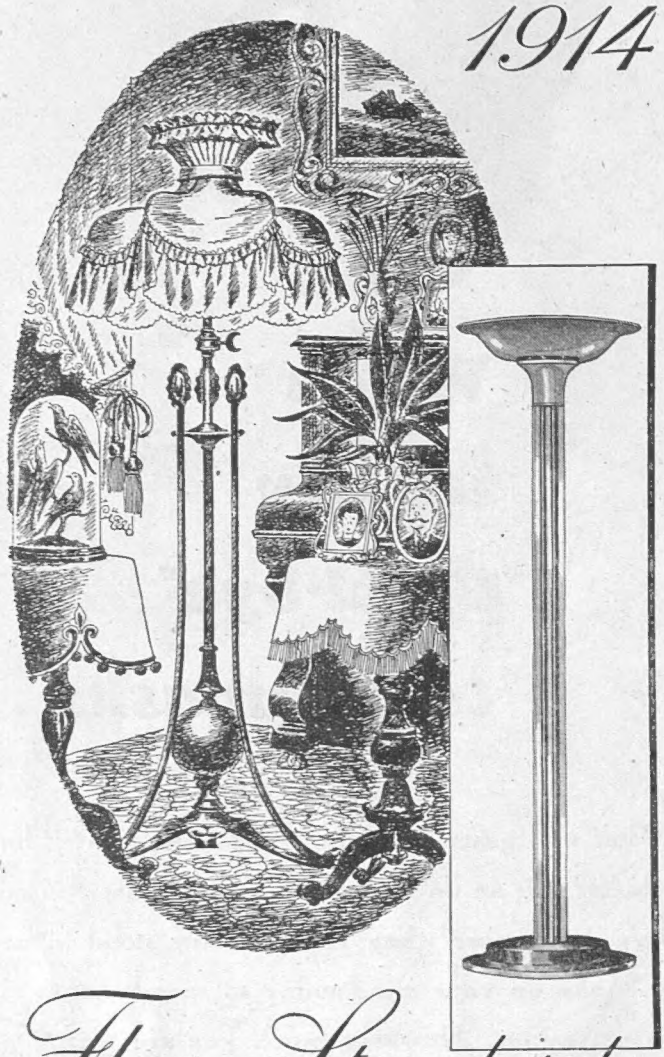
So your duty is clear. It is simple . . . it is URGENT. Consult your banker or stockbroker at once.

3% SAVINGS BONDS 1955-65

A full Trustee Security obtainable through any Bank or Stockbroker. Price of issue £100 per cent. No limit to holdings. There is also a Post Office Issue and a Trustee Savings Bank Issue with a maximum subscription of £1,000.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

Standard Lamp... 1914



Floor Standard... ...today

THE contrast between the elaborate silk covered lamp standard of 1914 and its modern elegant counterpart symbolises the rapid and continuous progress always being made in the electrical industry. Science did not stand still in 1914 and to-day the G.E.C. is keeping abreast of developments and improvements that will result in better electrical equipment for the home when this war is over.

Remember

G.E.C.

FOR EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Biscuits are a food not a luxury

Biscuits are doing a big job to-day. For millions of people nothing else provides so convenient, so quick and so enjoyable a light meal. They are, in fact, a food not a luxury.

But demand is so great that even Weston—the Empire's greatest firm of biscuit-makers—cannot satisfy everyone, every day.

The four Weston model factories are working ceaselessly to supply quality biscuits at the lowest possible prices.

Get Weston Biscuits whenever you can—for food value and value for money.

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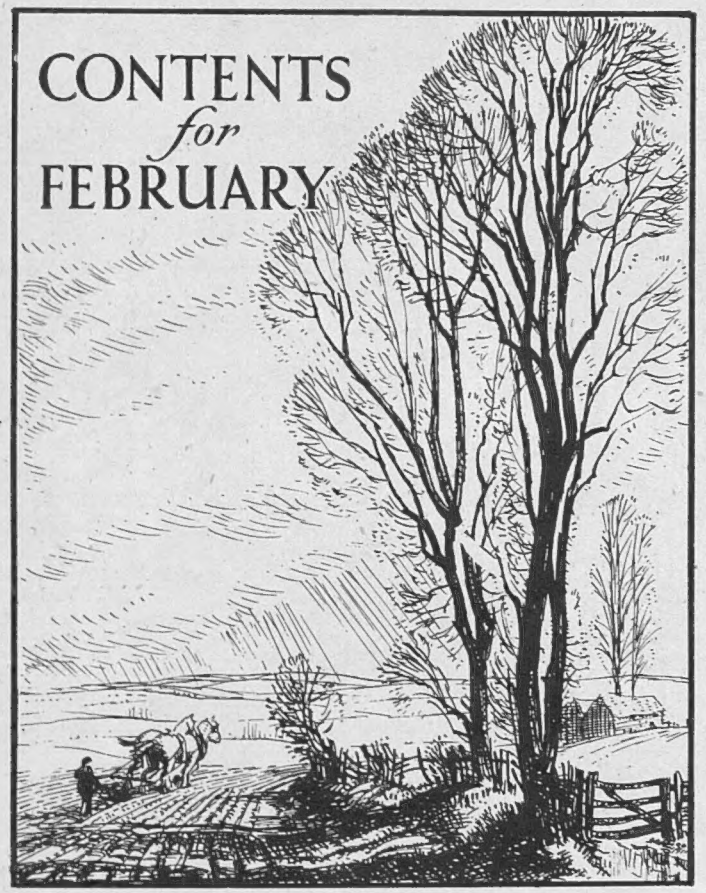
BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 24, No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1942



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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 72. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this Issue is 3½d.

FROM the dressmaker's workroom

TO the Parade Ground

Fresh air . . . exercise . . . companionship, instead of long hours bending over a needle . . . *She's* one of the people who may no longer need

'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

"Correct, sir?"
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING
SCHWEPPES DRY
Ginger Al
Dry & Non-Alcoholi
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Lifeboat

They lost their ship, and their future was uncertain, but they kept their sense of humour

By Will F. Jenkins

THERE was grey sea all about the boat, because dawn was not yet far enough advanced for the ocean to be blue. There was the tang of salt in the air, and the wettish sloshing sound of waves washing along the lifeboat's hull, and the smell of paint-oil—from the bilge-water sloshing around underfoot—and the curious stinging bite of a North Atlantic dawn wind nipping at the ears of six of the seven men in the lifeboat. The seventh man was wounded, and he lay wrapped in blankets somewhere up in the bows.

Able Seaman Simpkins sat in the stern sheets, beside the second mate. He was chastely attired in pyjama trousers and a peajacket, with no shoes, and the left sleeve of the peajacket had been lavishly slashed away to allow of a very neat bandage applied to his arm. He held a worn, rubbed newspaper clipping in his fingers, obviously taken from a greasy notebook on the seat beside him, and he squinted as he read, and he articulated with strident distinctness, and his voice was high-pitched and argumentatively shrill.

"'A representative of Lloyd's,'" he read belligerently, "'styted that w'ile the policy might be considered unusual, it was no more so than assurance against becomin' the father o' twins, wherein the assured's part in the event assured against was no less accepted as a condition of the contrack.' So y'see," he ended triumphantly, "we could ha' done it right an' legal, an' we'd all feel better if we 'ad!"

There was silence. The second mate looked much older than before the *Bonnie Lass* had gone down the previous dawn. As the light grew momently stronger, he looked tiredly about the horizon. It was empty. He returned to his patient steering.

"But look 'ere, Simpkins!" protested Russell. He was a stoker, and normally slow and heavy of speech. "I never 'eard of a seaman insurin' the ship 'e was signed on. 'E'd make money if it sunk! The Board o' Trade would 'ave something to say about that!"

"It's right!" insisted Simpkins stridently. "I just give you chapter an' verse. Why, it'd be a nat'nal service to begin the 'abit! Chaps 'ud sign on for 'arf wages with a bit of a sportin' gamble attached!"

The argument had already gone on for ages, beginning in the cold, small hours of the night. The blanket-wrapped wounded man in the bows was the only one who had taken no part in it. Simpkins insisted that they could all have made money by the sinking of their ship, if only they had taken out policies with Lloyd's against her destruction. He had waxed eloquent upon their now lost chance to acquire riches, and now had produced proof that it could—perhaps!—have been done. From the greasy notebook which, with the peajacket, was all that he had saved of his personal possessions, he'd extracted a newspaper clipping to substantiate his claim.

"That's not the only way, either," he insisted belligerently. "There's lots o' ways for a chap to make money if 'e 'as 'is wits about 'im. Now, look 'ere——"

He read another clipping. A news account dated from Sydney, Australia, concerning the chagrin of a fisherman who had found a lump of tallow floating in the waters near his home settlement, and had used the said tallow generously for greasing his boots, for lubricating his boat-pump and for other unconsidered uses. Then it was discovered by a visitor that a tallow night-light by the baby's bedside was burning spermaceti, valued at so many pounds sterling an ounce. By that time

HE squinted as he read, and he articulated with strident distinctness, and his voice was high-pitched and argumentatively shrill. "'A representative of Lloyd's,'" he read belligerently

only a bare quarter-pound remained of an original sixteen pounds or more. The fisherman was chagrined.

"Y'see?" demanded Simpkins. "Look wot a fortune 'e 'ad! An' he threw away all but a little bit because 'e 'adn't 'is wits on duty!"

He fumbled again among the leaves of the notebook. It was swollen to twice or thrice its original thickness by just such fragments of newsprint, each concerned with some freak of fortune. He read on, stridently. There was an account of a tiny antique idol which had gone knocking about curio shops for years until a clerk accidently knocked it off a shelf and broke it, when small nuggets of pure gold were found to have been packed in its interior in the pious similitude of celestial entrails. There were innumerable such stories.

TWO men pulled at the oars while two others rested. The wounded man, up in the bows, groaned softly. One of the resting men stirred up and tended him clumsily but solicitously. Simpkins read on. Russell said roughly:

"Oh, stow it, Simpkins! I've 'eard enough!"

He would not mention the man in blankets, but the others knew what was in his mind. Simpkins, though, was an enthusiast upon his hobby. He quite simply did not comprehend.

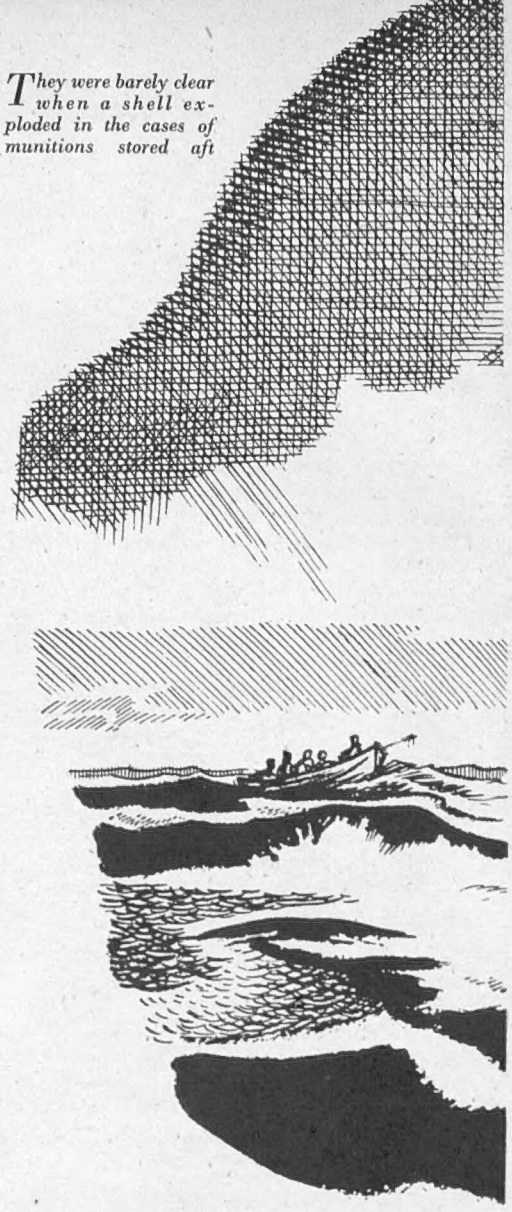
"You speak for y'self," he said with asperity. "The other chaps ain't above learnin' wot they don't know!"

The man who should have been resting gave the wounded man some water. Other men growled: "Stow it, Simpkins!" and "Shut your silly 'ead!" Simpkins stiffened indignantly and returned the notebook to a pocket of the peajacket. He assumed an air of great dignity. The wounded man murmured something and lay quiet again.

There was a savage sort of silence. The wounded man for'ard was a part of the background of their present situation. He, like Simpkins—whose injury was trivial—had been hurt at the sinking of the *Bonnie Lass*, a little more than twenty-four hours previous. The old ship was slogging it, lights out, through the murky waters of the North Atlantic, bound for England. Just at the beginning of that cold, pale light which comes before the dawn, a sub had materialised off to port. The first intimation of its presence came when it began to fling shells into the old tramp in an impersonal fashion, without challenge or warning. The first shell hit the crew's galley, the second was a miss, and the third landed somewhere in Number Two Hold. After that the hits and misses were about even in number, but nobody counted because they were busy getting overside in the boats. They were in a hurry, and with reason. The reason manifested itself when they were barely clear and a shell exploded in the cases of munitions aft. The *Bonnie Lass* blew off her own stern, wallowed a moment as if shaking her head bewilderedly, and then went ashamedly under. Then the boats lay still upon the water, swearing and waiting to see what would happen next.

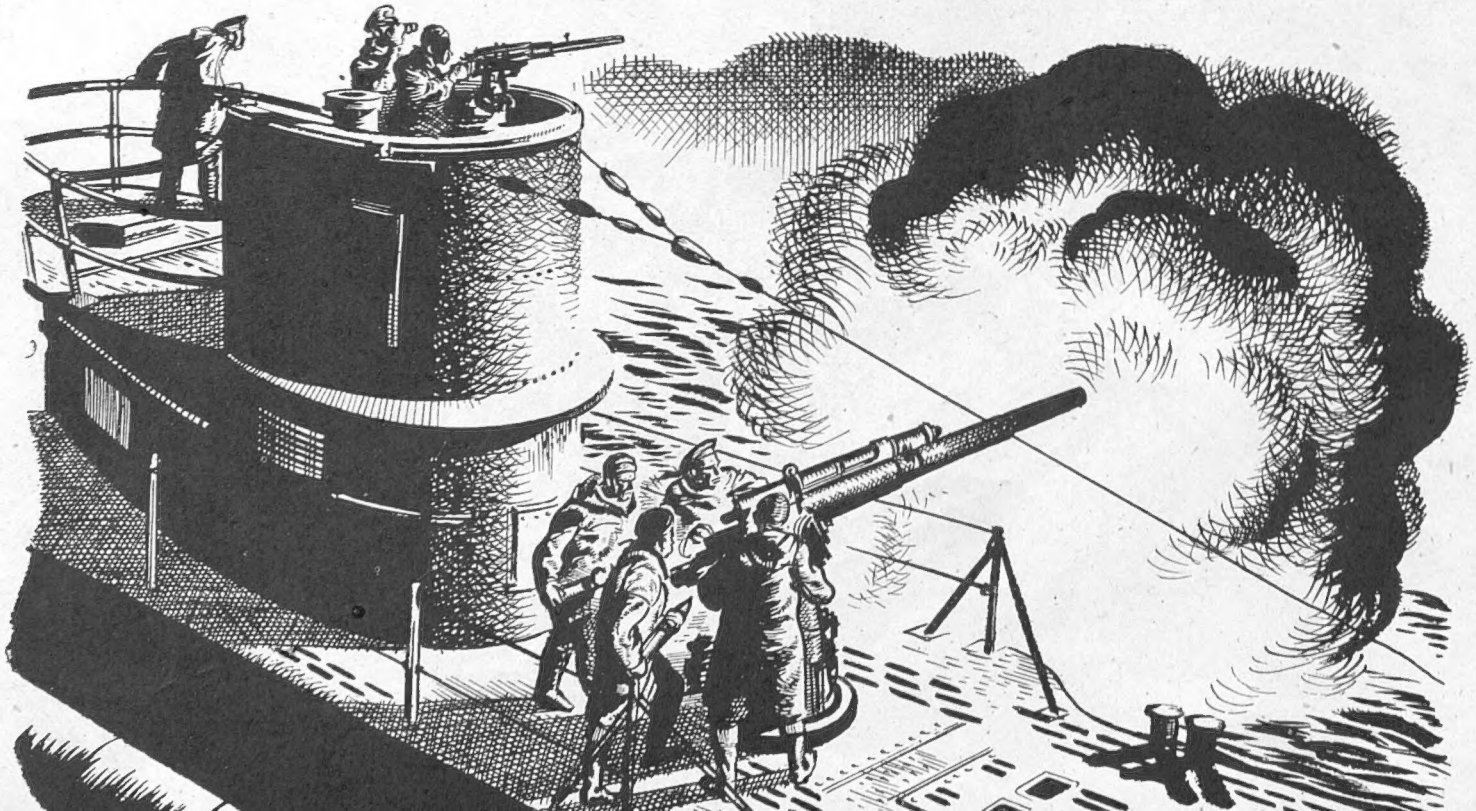
Nothing happened. With the same impersonal air, the dim shape which was the sub went off to westward and was lost in the lingering darkness there. The crew of the *Bonnie Lass* never did see her markings or flag or anything but a blob of blackness from which had come leisurely, spouting gun-flashes. When she had gone, the crew cursed her exhaustively and canvassed their own situation. There were four men missing. They were thoroughly dead, and there was no use worrying about them. There was one man badly hurt, and Simpkins slightly wounded and very strident about it. He was excused from duty and put in the second mate's boat with the badly wounded man. All the boats continued doggedly on the course the old steamer had pursued. This was unusually far out for a sub to operate, and things looked bad. They spread out to increase their chances of being sighted by a flying boat patrol or a convoy. Each would report the need of rescue by the others. They remained more or less vaguely in sight during the first day. But now, this second morning, the second mate's boat was alone upon the sea.

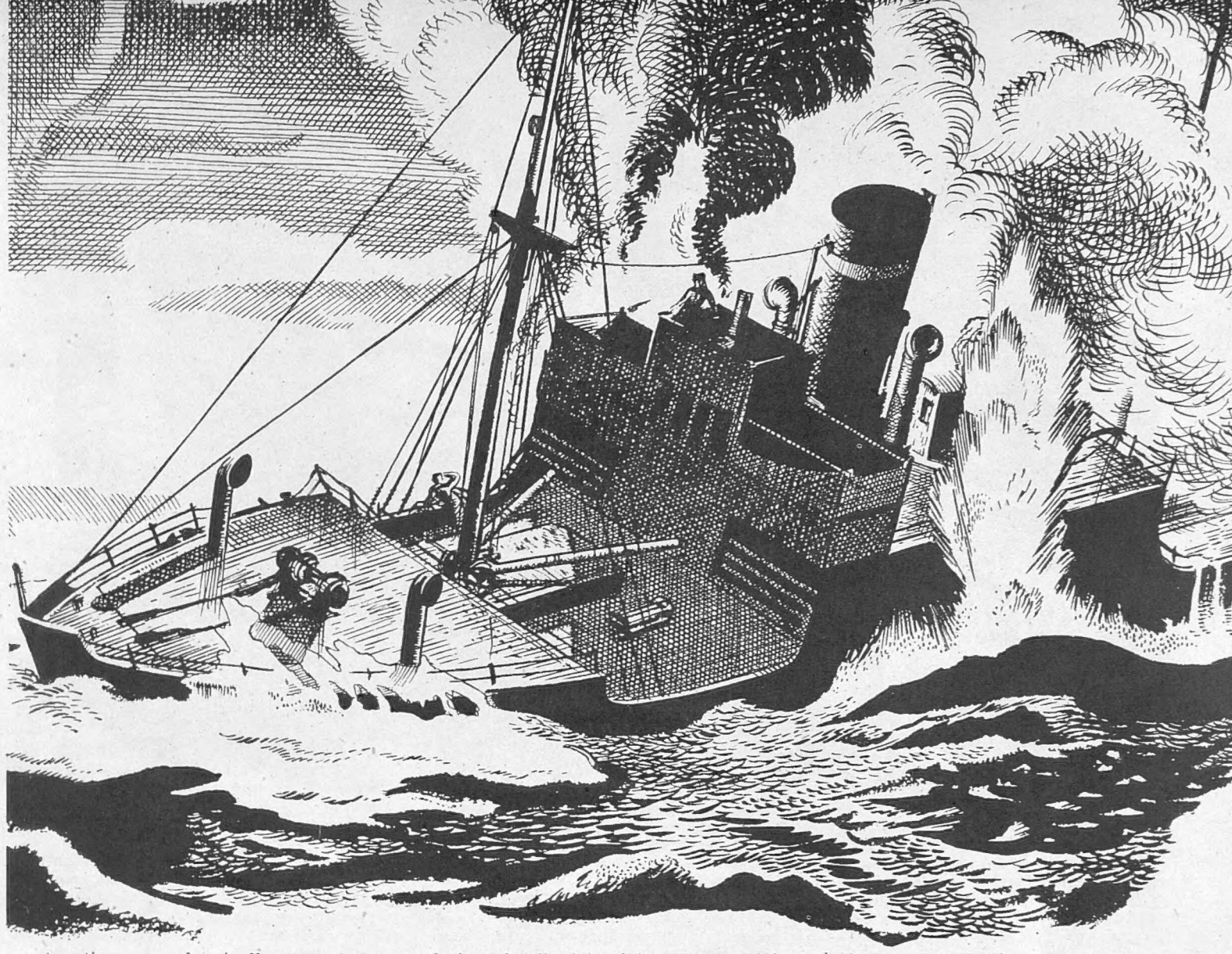
Two men pulled. Two men rested. The second mate steered and from time



They were barely clear when a shell exploded in the cases of munitions stored aft

Illustrated by Jack Matthew





THE first intimation of its presence came when it began to fling shells into the old tramp in an impersonal fashion, without challenge or warning

to time gazed tiredly round the horizon.

At two hours after dawn, the mate ordered rowing to stop. He doled out rations. They were not large. The future was uncertain. The men munched their shares at leisure, gazing about the heaving and now very blue waters without any particular curiosity. The horizon was still empty. There were occasional cotton-wool clouds. The sunlight was bright but not yet hot. The men in the boat were careful not to seem dejected, and they ignored—because they could not help—the man in blankets in the bows.

It was Simpkins who saw the thing in the first place. Originally, no doubt, he noted it subconsciously. Then he saw that something actually did float soggily awash, now and again poking a cryptic section of itself out of the flank of a marching wave. Then he stared.

"Look there, sir!" he said stridently to the second mate. "D'you see wot's floating over yonder, sir? Blimy——"

There came the unmistable wink of polished brass from the midst of acres of heaving sea. The mate looked, and looked again. His forehead creased, but he said nothing. He regarded the object steadily, chewing.

"It ain't a spar, sir," said Simpkins insistently, "an' it ain't a boat, an' it ain't a sub, or a mine or a oil-drum or a buoy, or——"

Russell had found the object with his eyes, too. He said heavily:

"Stow it, Simpkins. We've 'ad enough of your slop. Stow it!"

Simpkins seemed to inflate. He appealed to the second mate.

"Look 'ere, sir!" he said indignantly. "I appeal to you, sir! We've 'ad a blarsted lot of bad luck, sir, an' 'ere's maybe a chance to pick up 'oo knows wot, sir, an' that silly ass Russell——"

The second mate said meditatively:

"It looks like a spent torpedo to me. But they're supposed to sink. We'll go and see what it is."

He nodded to the two men whose turn it was at the oars. They gave way. The *Bonnie Lass's* lifeboat pulled over to the object floating soggily and aimlessly among the seas.

IT was a spent torpedo. It was fifteen feet long and fourteen inches in diameter, and there was an indefinable something about its design which was alien. None of the men in the lifeboat had ever actually examined a torpedo in detail before, but there was not one who had an instant's doubt of its nationality. It was enemy.

"Something didn't work," explained the second mate. "There's a valve to sink it if it misses, but it didn't work. They make 'em rise at the end of practice runs, but when they use 'em in earnest they set 'em to sink. Else misses 'ud just be unmoored mines and apt to sink anybody."

Four men regarded the wallowing, barely-floating object with fascinated aversion. The man in blankets did not stir. The second mate contemplated the torpedo with a faint frown. Simpkins inspected it very carefully with a kindling eye.

"Look 'ere, sir," he said suddenly. "These things cost a bit of money. I've 'eard they cost a lot. So there ought to be something of a reward for this 'ere, sir, if it was salvaged. Eh?"

The second mate started to shake his head, and stopped. He looked uncomfortably at the deadly thing and said, slowly:

"There might be a little something, but not much. It's not one of our torpedoes, you know. But the thing is that it's like a live mine, drifting in the lane our shipping uses. Anybody might hit it and go down. It oughtn't to be left here for one of our ships to hit. Of course, if we could be sure a Hun would hit it, now——"

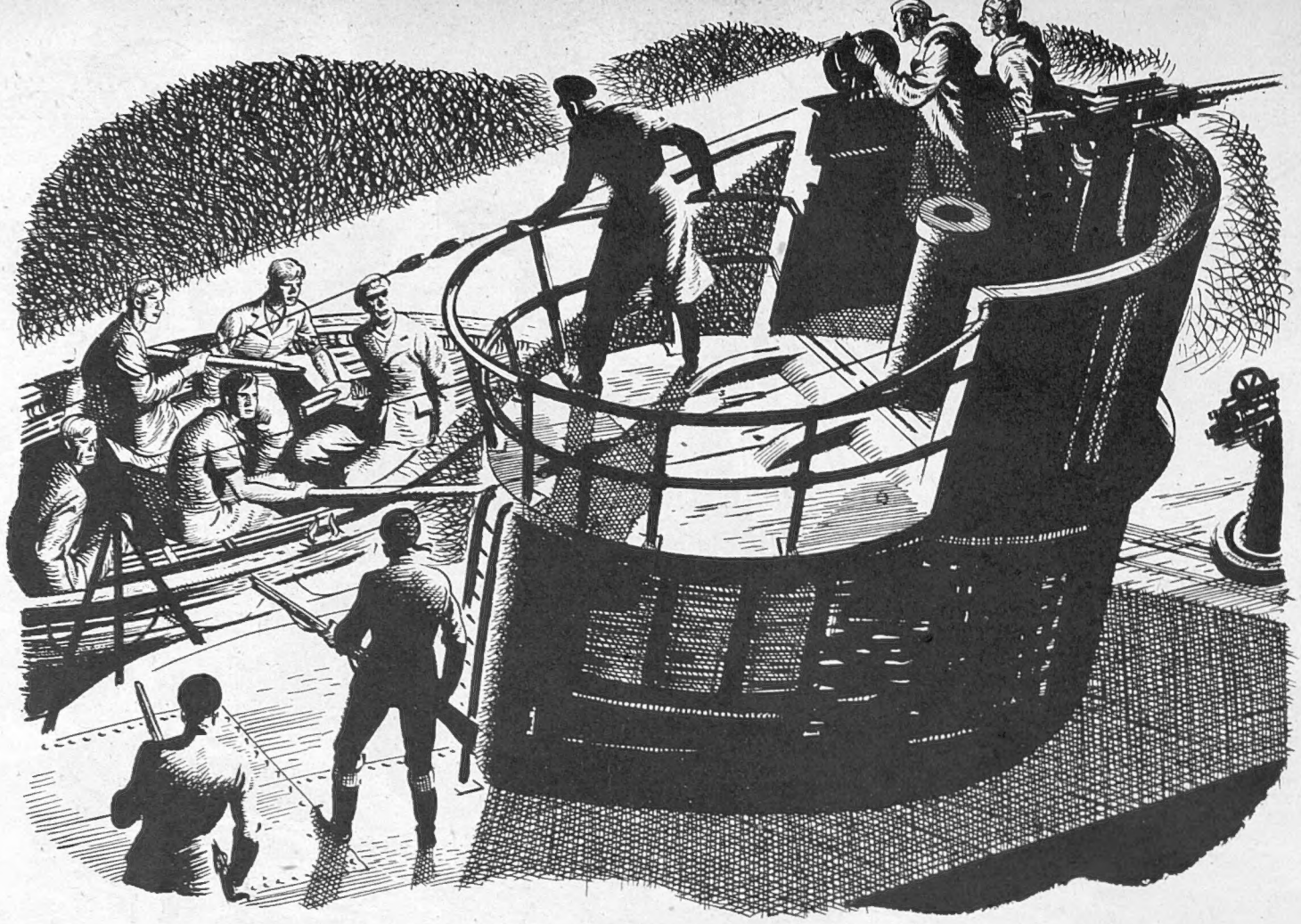
"We'll salvage it, sir," protested Simpkins eagerly, squirming. "You chaps—you're willin', eh? Come along now, be good chaps! You know y'could use a bit o' cash, wot?"

Russell said heavily:

"Minesweepers, sir, they pot at mines with rifles, till they go off or sink."

"We've no rifles," said the mate. ". . . Careful, there! It'll go off if it hits anything end-on."

The men at the oars kept carefully



THERE was a sudden blinding radiance. A single, extraordinarily powerful hand-flash steadied on the boat

away. The men who should have been resting sat up, staring.

"Just take a couple of turns about it with the 'and-line, sir," suggested Simpkins eagerly, "an' tow it after us. We'll get ten or fifteen pounds anyway, sir, won't ee? That's over two pound apiece. A bit of luck, wot?"

"You not rowin', yes," said one of the rowers. He spoke to the second mate. "I'm willin' to give it a tow, sir, just to see it don't sink another o' our ships."

The second mate's eyes went from man to man. He found no opposition, if no undue enthusiasm.

"Break out the handline, then," he said briefly. "I'll put a bridle on it and tow it end-on."

He thrust the tiller into Simpkins's hand and picked his way towards the bows, shedding garments as he went. Then there began a rather hair-raising few minutes. The mate swam to the bobbing thing and caught its tail. He made a line fast, worked for a few moments alongside, and called for the other end of the hand-line. He swam back to the boat. He climbed in over the bows again.

"Back off!" he ordered, his teeth chattering. "The water's cold!"

He reclothed himself hastily, shivering. He went back to his place, lifting the doubled line over the rowers.

The boat pulled ahead. The torpedo, after a sluggish, resistant turning, came smoothly and swiftly towards the boat. Then it yawed off to one side. He adjusted the doubled line to bring it back on course.

"I didn't want to touch that fuse in the nose," he explained. "There's a bridle, and a line along each side. Simpkins, you watch it. If it yaws, haul on one line. Pull ahead, men."

The *Bonnie Lass's* lifeboat pulled sturdily onward. There was blue sea and there were sparkling waves all about. There was a horizon which was quite empty all round. There was the tang of salt in the air, and the washing sound of waves, and the oddly bitter chill of a North Atlantic wind blowing upon damp garments.

"Fifteen pounds, anyways," said Simpkins blissfully. "Over two pounds apiece! Not 'arf bad, eh? And if it 'adn't been for me it'd ha' stayed out there an' maybe sunk another ship like the old *Bonnie Lass*. W'en you think of it, I ought to 'ave more than an even share with you other chaps."

"I take no share," said the second mate, briefly.

The other men knew that their situation was not promising. It was not hopeless, but it was not bright. But the mate acted as if all this was a matter of course, and his comment encouraged discussion. A good officer, the second mate. The men approved, though they saw through him—all but Simpkins.

"Thank y'sir," said Simpkins, beaming. "That's wot I call a bit of all right. 'Ow about a cheer for 'im, you chaps?"

The rowers regarded Simpkins with unconsciously grim humour. Russell spat overside and snuggled back in the bows, carefully failing to jar the wounded man. He stared up into the sky and grunted.

"Seems to me," he said with sly and heavy levity, "that Simpkins 'adn't ought to 'ave the same share as the rest of us. 'E's not rowin'. 'Ere (*Continued on page 70*)

"THAT'S what you sold me," said Simpkins in strident triumph

LADIES IN WAITING

Woman's Place in Politics and Industry

By Negley Farson

IN 1925, when Mustapha Kemal Pasha was forcibly Westernising Turkey, my wife and I sat with a beautiful woman in Stamboul who did not want to come out from behind the veil. She admitted that her reluctance was personal and feminine—both she and her husband were fervent admirers of the Ghazi—but, she said to us in the presence of her husband, "When I had the veil, I knew I also had my husband!"

The only *legitimate* competition she had then, she explained, was from the professional courtesan. But when Mustapha Kemal took away her veil, and she was expected to act like any Western woman, the obligation came that she was also expected to take her place beside her husband at Berlin—where that fanatic young Turk was an attaché in the Turkish Embassy. Here she was placed "in the running," so to speak, against all the pretty women of the Diplomatic Corps. The privacy, the actual *hold* she had over her husband, placed upon him by the traditions associated with the veil, were taken away from her. Her dismay at this, so keenly revealed to us by her accounts of her career from then on, discovered to us an entirely unknown stronghold of woman behind the Moslem screen of harem-lattice and the veil.

So it was in a backward Moslem country like Turkey of 1925 that this "security" of woman *qua* woman first became realistic to me.

With every step towards "equality," in no matter what country, woman was also forced to give up an equivalent amount of feminine security. This obviously was axiomatic, though very few of the women who followed Mrs. Pankhurst's inspiring leadership — women willing to be imprisoned, even die for equality — probably saw this *quid pro quo*. Not only in women, but in the minds of men still lingers this idea of a privileged security for women which this Turkish woman was wise enough not to want to lose. Proof of this is the fact that when Mr. Ernest Bevin was making his desperate appeal for 500,000 more women to "man" the machines of British factories, he nevertheless told the critics of his recruiting programme that he "did not intend to use ruthless methods" to force women into British industry. In other words—conscript them the same as if they were men. This he has now done, as sufficient recruits were not obtained from his appeal.

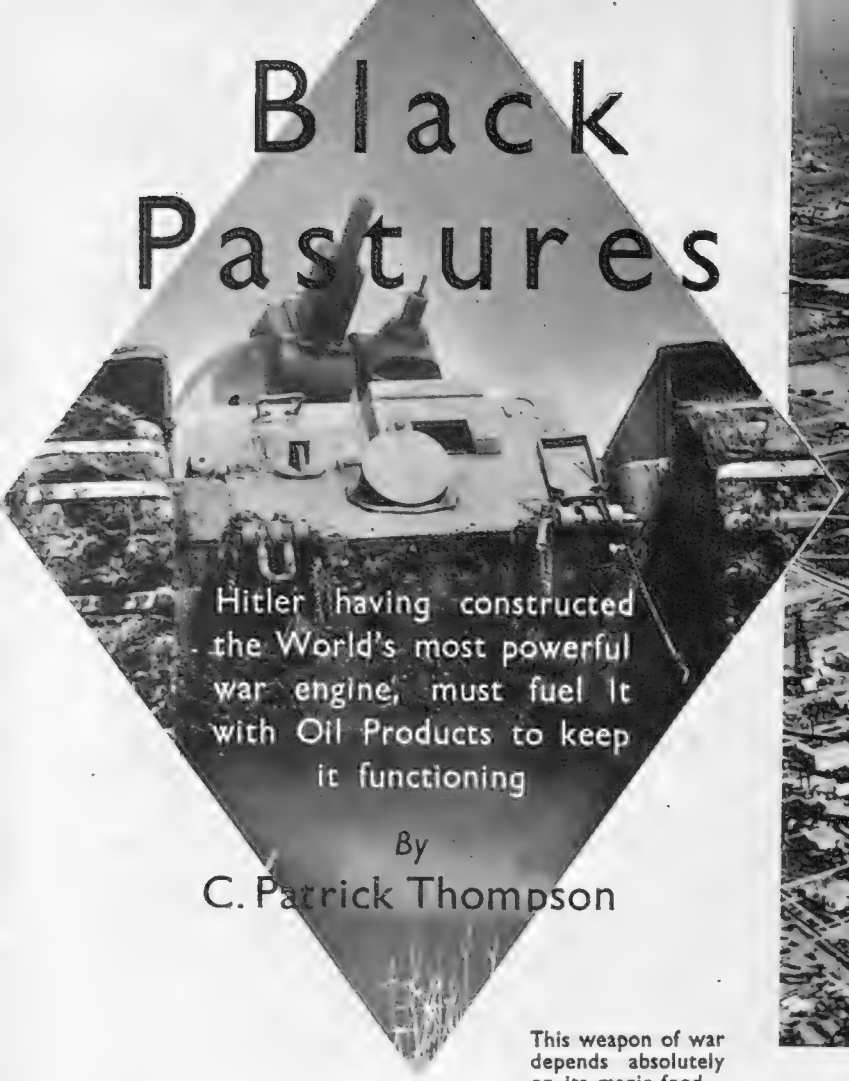
The fact that Bevin had not *really* conscripted men for British industry was a point lost on most women leaders—say, the professional journalists—last autumn. Nevertheless, women journalists did call for the conscription of women; pointing out that there were 8,300,000 German women at work in the factories or workshops—and that, in the 200,000,000 people controlled by Germany and Italy, there was a population of at least some 70,000,000 workers, whose women would be forced into war production, whether they wanted to go or not. And, at the same time, there was the inspiring example of the Russian women, who, without any laws or forceful methods being applied to them, were taking their places not only on the machines but in the front line, with rifles, beside their Russian soldiers and civilian fighters.

Now the cardinal, almost chronic mistake that Western critics have been accustomed to make about the position of WOMAN in Soviet Russia was that they glibly treated the subject as if the Soviet Russians held that woman was biologically the same as man. That is nonsense. I have seen women tractor-drivers myself, on the Soviet collective farms—but, if I must be candid about it, I thought of them then, and always will, more as a *token* of the part that women were playing in the new collective agricultural effort than as *normal* tractor-drivers. On the other hand, I had long known, even as far back as 1915-1917 in Tsarist Russia, that the Russian woman had almost a genius for chemistry—and it is therefore no surprise to me when I read of the vast amount of women under the Soviets who are graduating from the Universities in chemical, medical, bacteriology courses—or that, here in England, it is commencing to be recognised that women are considerably superior to men in certain forms of inspection and the delicate handling of precision instruments.

Here, in this war-created equality of effort of woman *versus* man, the English woman has opened up a wide field for women in future Anglo-Saxon life. This has come to stay; it will be recognised in future British industry. It is a concrete gain. British universities of the future will almost certainly have chairs of certain sciences under which women, as women, will study for these pursuits in civilian life. And it is in fields like this—if we have the wit to see it—that women will fill the posts for which their own feminine physique and psychology have always been suitable. It was only traditions, religions, lack of clear thinking, which prevented women finding great careers in these fields long before this. Madame Curie, the great Polish radium pioneer, is a splendid, perhaps too outstanding, example.

I make these examples noticeable, I hope, at this point, because, ever since the hectic days of Mrs. Pankhurst's suffragette campaigns, too many women (and men) have taken it for granted, it seems, that woman's advance must be to establish personalities in the *political* field. Whereas, if you look over the world political arena, (*Continued on p. 61.*)

Black Pastures

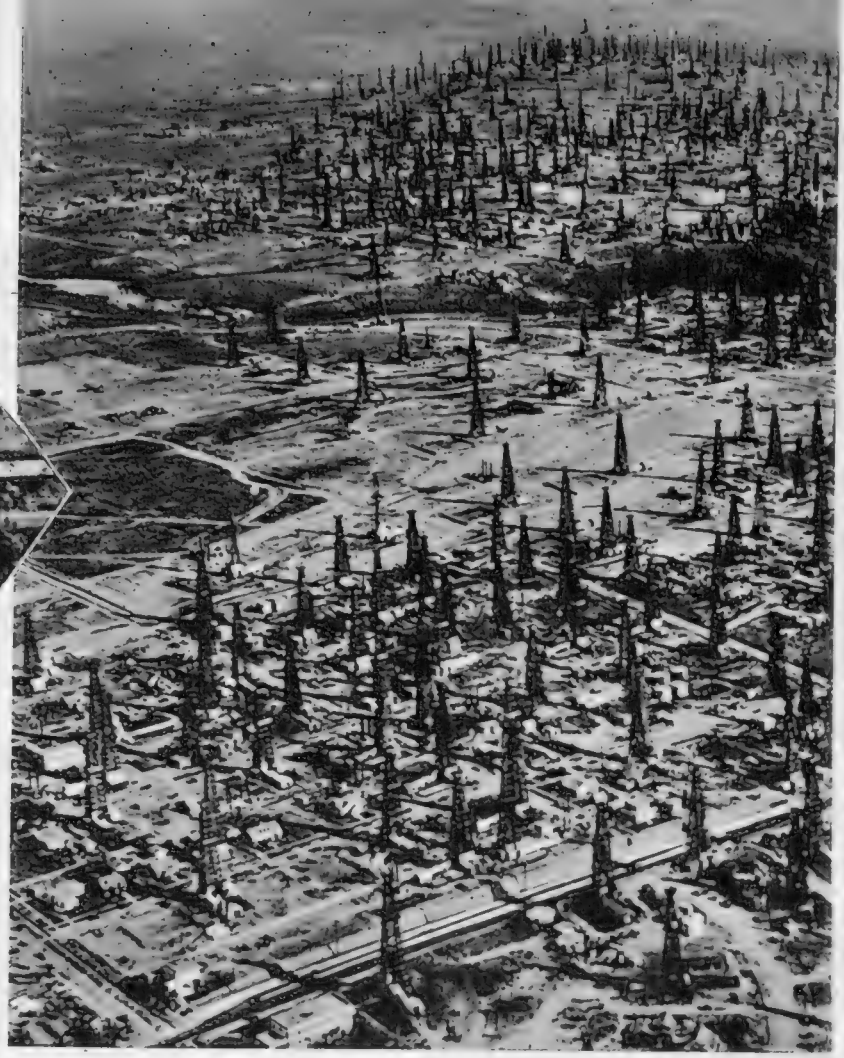


Hitler having constructed the World's most powerful war engine, must fuel it with Oil Products to keep it functioning

By

C. Patrick Thompson

This weapon of war depends absolutely on its magic food—oil



The greatest concentration of oil
A view of the Signal Hill oilfield

LONG ago, the sun loved the forests, and the forests gave themselves, and died. The earth took them into its bosom, and buried them deep. But they had the sun seed in them, and could not return to the dust. Slowly, in rock wombs, they metamorphosized into great dark pools, and in every thick drop lurked secret fire and power. They lay silent and forgotten, waiting for the earth to die.

But meantime the sun loved the water, too, and out of that later liaison sprang man, liveliest and most ferocious of the many and varied offspring of the sun's amorous games with the earth. In time, man found the metamorphosized forests, and learnt how to extract from the black liquid its hidden light and heat.

Then, one day, he discovered the power hidden in the stuff, and devised a motor to harness it for his purposes. It transformed his life, and enabled him to realise his old dream of flying faster and farther than the birds. He built a huge family of metal robots, equipped with propellers, wheels, and linked tracks imitating the caterpillar, and grazed them on the black pastures. Their steel sinews and copper lungs rushed him at tremendous speeds through the air and water, and over the land. They carried immense burdens for him at great speeds; rushed twenty weaponed men at fifty miles an hour over the roads; trundled 30 or 40 tons of armour and guns at 30 miles an hour cross-country; flew 3 tons of bombs at 300 miles an hour through the skies three miles up. But they had a weak spot. They depended absolutely on their magic food. When the last drop of explosive food burned away in their metal stomachs, they stopped dead, immobile as the great stone Sphinx.

In time, we shall see that this peculiarity, and another, combined to save *homo sapiens*, in the crucial century of the great world wars, from being thrust back into the narrow and brutal mould of the ancient barbaric warrior empires. There will be other explanations, but the two aforementioned relegate them to unimportance.

Hitler and his Nazi *élite*, having constructed the world's most powerful war engine, must still fuel it with oil products to keep it functioning. They thus find themselves no better off than Attila, when, 1500 years ago, the Hun leader set out to carve a warrior empire from the Atlantic to the Euphrates. Attila led his horsed horde west, seeking the green pastures; and he had to fight *Blitzkrieg* wars, because of his horse-feed problem. Hitler hurls his motorised horde east, seeking the black pastures; and he,

The pipe-line that carries the oil from Baku to the port of Batum

The Russian oilfields at Baku. This field is one of the oldest in the world

wells in the world.
in California

too, has to fight *Blitzkrieg* wars, because of his robot feed problem.

The other peculiarity I mention is the distribution of the black pastures. The forests which once stretched green arms to the sun lie across the planet in a belt as clearly defined as an earthquake, and much more dangerous. Starting in the eastern Mediterranean area, they lie lush in the two great corridors joining the African-European land bloc to Asia; sweep across the Punjab and Burma to the islands of the south Pacific, and re-emerge on the other side of the Pacific, traversing the central zone of the Americas, Peru, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Mexico, twenty-three of the forty-eight United States, and seem to die out in Trinidad and the Virgin Islands. No trace in the islands of Nippon, and none in Europe until you come to Galicia and Rumania.

Hence the way the war is shaping, with Japan trying to clear her sea flanks and secure them against attack before driving down to the black pastures of the Netherlands Indies and British Borneo; and Hitler seeking desperately to bring his robot horde to the life-giving pastures of the Caucasus and the Middle East, one or both. Only three empires have all the black pastures they need: Britain, America and Russia. America's and Russia's are in their own home domains. Britain's are scattered in the track of her sea Empire.

How much oil does Germany need now? The figure is variously put at 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 tons a year. There are 200 tanks in a German tank regiment—more if the tanks are light ones. A division, German pattern, runs two tank regiments, two motorised infantry regiments, one regiment of motorised artillery, and sundry auxiliaries. In all, the division runs 8000 motor vehicles, needing petrol and lubricating oil, which in turn have to be brought up by motor supply columns. A gallon of petrol moves a tank from 1 to 2½ miles, depending on tank weight and engine power. Diesel-engined tanks—the Germans are increasing these—go farther on less fuel. A mechanised division burns over 30,000 gallons of petrol in an average day's "march." An infantry or cavalry division, not mechanised, includes some 150 scout cars, 350 motor-cyclists, 50 motor trucks, and a motorised supply column: maybe 900 motors in all.

How much oil have the Nazis got? In the four pre-war years they shipped in about 17,000,000 tons, and extracted maybe 6,000,000 tons from synthetic oil plants and shale deposits. They are believed to have saved and stored 5,000,000 tons as a war stock. In their conquests, from Poland to France, they secured probably as much as they burnt. While Rumania was neutral they got 1,250,000 tons a year from her. Pressuring her in as ally, they got the whole output of her 2331 wells—something over 6,000,000 tons. The R.A.F. bombs so far seem not to have seriously diminished stocks or contracted the flow of new oil.

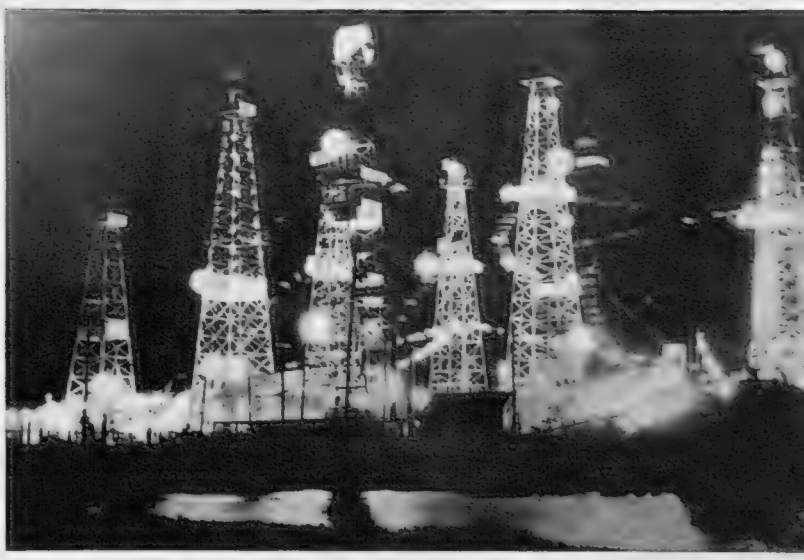
SUPPOSE we move closer to Hitler, and try and see oil from his inside angle? Here are Hitler, Goering and Keitel at headquarters. The oil chart lies atop the world map on the big table. The time is May 1940. Hitler speaks:

"So! We have 6,000,000 tons in hand, and the Rumanian and Galician outputs."

"Enough for a four-months' Russian campaign," remarks Keitel.

"Russia!" growls Goering. "We are not going to Russia. The point is, we are having trouble getting that Rumanian oil west. We're moving it as fast as we can up the Danube, and by rail through Hungaria and Ostmark. But we are short of barges and tank cars, and trucks, and on the Danube

A part of the Rumanian oilfield, from which Germany is obtaining its main supply. The Moravia field and refinery in the Prahova Valley



Twenty-three of the forty-eight States of the United States spout oil. The flow runs now around 1,500,000,000 barrels a year. Here are some of the illuminated oil towers in Tulsa, Oklahoma

the stuff has to be transhipped from large to small barges at the Iron Gate."

"You can forget about the Danube and the haul west, Goering," says Hitler. "The haul will be east, and north."

"So you *are* going into Russia!" ejaculates Goering. "You reject my advice for the western campaign? Brauchitsch agrees with me. Finish the western business first, then Stalin will yield, or we'll knock him to bits."

"No," says Hitler. "There's the political angle. Ribbentrop thinks we can split the Americans, and the British Tories as well. An anti-Red war will please (Continued on page 63)

MR. GARFIELD WESTON, M.P., inherited his father's biscuit business, and dared to crash the preserves of the English biscuit market

MR. HENRY CHANNON, the youthful Member of Parliament for Southend. He hails from Chicago

VISCOUNT BENNETT, formerly Mr. R. H. Bennett, Canadian Prime Minister, who came to England because he felt his Canadian career had finished

LORD ASHFIELD, son of an Englishman domiciled in Detroit. Returned to give London the world's finest transport service

LIEUT.-COL. HON. J. J. ASTOR, proprietor of "The Times" and descended from the Astor who first set foot in America in 1783

Come East, Young Man

Famous Personalities Who Turned Their Back on the Sunset

By Gordon Beckles

IN the dying weeks of 1941 I took the following headlines, "LEASE AND LEND AID," "GROWING TIDE FROM THE UNITED STATES," "NEW YORK'S HUGE SHIPMENTS," "STEADY FLOW FROM AMERICA TO ENGLAND," from one morning's newspapers. And I thought: as if America sending to Britain were anything new! There has been such a growing tide eastwards, for so many years past, that the term "American emigrant" should soon come to mean something entirely different.

One night, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, the great Horace Greeley penned some editorial advice that was destined to become the slogan of adventuring youth. "*Go west, young man,*" he urged, "*and grow up with the country!*"

Youth turned its back on the sunrise, and set its face towards the Eldorado of California; and many spots between.

But Horace Greeley was scarcely in his grave before there began a trickle of men who preferred to turn their back on the sunset, and go east instead of west. And one result is that, while England has contributed scarcely one notable man or woman (apart from the drama) to American life for some decades, there has been a steadily-mounting American contribution to English life.

Make a list of your own, if you like, but you can do worse than start with Mr. Henry James, a novelist whom few may now read but who played a big part in English literary life up to 1914. A Somerset Maugham character once said of Henry James that he "had turned his back on one of the great events in world history, the rise of the United States, in order to report tittle-tattle at tea-parties in English country houses." James settled down at Rye and became a British citizen. Of the same *fin de siècle* generation was the great London (he lived there for forty years) painter, John Sargent, from Massachusetts; nor must one forget that other Chelsea-American artist, Mr. James McNeill Whistler. Nor, to bring it to date, Mr. Jacob Epstein, of New York, who took several looks at the western prospect and then decided to come east in search of fame and British citizenship.

The turn of the century was also marked by an influx of American women bound on becoming what a New York columnist once described as "prominently connected with Burke's Peerage." Scores of rich and/or lovely American girls were led to the altar by Englishmen with noble names, Mr. Winston Churchill's mother and cousin (both lovely) among them. Many were destined to play a great part in the Conservative political and financial life of their adopted country.

THE case of the family Astor epitomises this phase. I was astonished not long ago to find several usually well-informed people under the impression that Lady Astor was the only American member of this influential family.

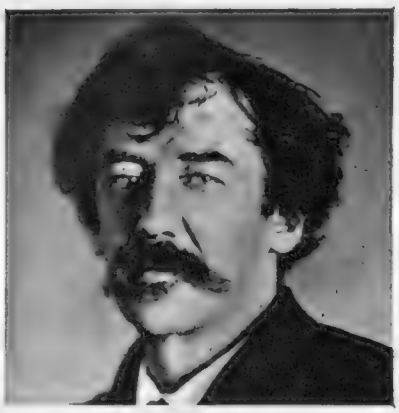
Yet the Astors were German, from Heidelberg, and the first one to set foot on American soil was in 1783. The grandson of this pioneer was a U.S. Minister to Italy, who sent his sons to Eton and in 1899 himself became an Englishman and afterwards a viscount. One of the sons is the Lieut.-Colonel Astor who bought Lord Northcliffe's holdings in *The Times*, while the other is the Waldorf Astor who owns *The Observer* and was a Plymouth M.P. until he took his father's title after the last war, and turned over his constituency to the lady who was born Nancy Witcher Langhorne, married a Mr. Robert Gould Shaw, of Boston, and later the present Viscount Astor in 1906. If *The Times, Observer* and Lady Astor are not a slice of contemporary English life, I'll eat my hat!

They are the core of an Anglo-American political circle to which the Prime Minister can almost be said to belong. One of his week-end hosts, for instance, is Mr. Ronald Tree, M.P., who has an American wife, while Mr. Henry Channon, another young M.P., comes from Chicago. Fancy a born Englishman bucking his way into Congress or the Senate! Mr. Alfred Bossom, M.P., the architect, is not an American, but a Londoner who turned his back (on the skyscrapers he had built) to return to the land of his fathers. Lord Beatty, like his father before him, married an American. On the other hand, in Mrs. Beatrice Rathbone, the House of Commons now has not only a Bostonian M.P., but its second woman Member. The classic remarks of a Boston girl—

(*Continued on page* 48)

MR. HENRY JAMES, the famous novelist, who settled down at Rye and became a British citizen

JOHN SARGENT, R.A., the famous portrait painter from Massachusetts. He lived and worked in London for forty years



JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER, another American artist who made his home in Chelsea

JACOB EPSTEIN, the New York-born sculptor, who decided to come east in search of fame and British citizenship

Adela Promised to be as Silent as the Grave, but she was

Not So Dumb

By Peter Cheyney

WHEN Flagg crossed the room to say good night, Leonore looked at him quickly. She thought he was rather attractive in an indefinable way.

He said : "Thank you very much for a good party, Mrs. Adams. I've enjoyed myself."

She laughed softly.

"I wonder if that's really true," she said. "Most of the time you seemed to be standing in the corner watching people."

Flagg said : "I like watching people; but I've talked quite a lot, too. I spent quite seven minutes talking to the delightful Mrs. Soames."

"I bet I know what you were talking about," said Leonore. She picked up a silver cigarette box, handed it to him. The gesture indicated subtly that she did not want him to go. "I expect you were talking about Adela, weren't you?" she went on.

"You're quite right," he said. "We were talking about Adela. Tell me, Mrs. Adams, is she really as stupid as they say?"

"She's much worse than that," she said. "Adela just can't stop talking. We call her 'The Unconscious Fifth Columnist.'"

"Why?" asked Flagg.

"Well, she just has to ask questions," said Leonore Adams. "If Adela sees a man in uniform she immediately subjects him to the most vivid cross-examination. And she's so beautiful that the poor dears invariably tell her what she wants to know. Then she goes around town telling all her friends."

Flagg said : "That *is* rather stupid, isn't it? I wonder why she does it? You'd think she could find something else to talk about besides the war."

Leonore nodded.

"Tell me—why are you so interested in her?" she asked.

"It's an odd reason," said Flagg, "but Mrs. Soames was telling me that Adela Vallance was a great friend of Jimmie Daynor. I know Jimmie very well—a most serious person. I should have thought that his influence might have done something to stop Adela talking so much."

Leonore said : "Well, heaven knows he's tried. He's lectured her about it till we thought their friendship would be definitely broken off."

"I can imagine Jimmie doing that," said Flagg. "I should think a woman who talked would be like a red rag to a bull to him. But I should like to meet her."

Leonore said : "Well, you always can." She looked at her watch. "It's a quarter to eight now. I bet you any money you like," she went on, "you'll find Adela at this moment in the cocktail bar at the Hotel Le Duc. She's usually there at this time."

Flagg said : "I shall be passing the Le Duc. I'll look in and take a peek at Adela."

"Do," said Leonore. "Introduce yourself. She's very beautiful. She's worth taking a peek at."

ADELA saw in the case, nestling against a white velvet background, one of the most superb diamond bracelets she had ever seen in her life

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

Flagg said: "I like looking at beautiful women. That's why I've enjoyed talking to you. Good night! And thanks once again for the party."

He smiled at her and went away. She stood, for a moment, looking after him, thinking that he was a little odd—but rather nicely odd.

FLAGG stood looking through the glass doors of the lounge at the Hotel Le Duc into the cocktail bar.

So that was Adela. He began to grin a little. She was beautiful enough, he thought. Beautiful and slim and well turned out and fatuous. Every gesture she made, every expression proclaimed a silly self-satisfaction as egoistic as it was unintentional.

She was talking to three young men, one in khaki—a subaltern—and two junior naval officers. They were all smiling gallantly and, apparently, hanging on her every word.

Flagg wandered into the small bar. He walked casually up to the counter and ordered an old-fashioned. He drank it slowly and listened to Adela's well enunciated and nicely clipped words.

"He said it was too marvellous," she said. "Too breath-taking for words. He said it had got every aeroplane gun beaten to a frazzle, that it worked on an entirely new principle—something to do with a gas condenser or something—I'm sure *you* know what I mean. Then he told me about another wonderful thing. He told me that . . ."

Flagg walked out of the bar, through the lounge and into the telephone box at the end of the fawn carpeted passage. He dialled a Riverside number. After a moment he said:

"Is that you, Dizzy? Look, I'm at the Le Duc. Yes—she's in the cocktail bar . . . In about half an hour. Yes . . . I think we might chance it. I'll open the ball for you if I get the chance. All right."

He hung up. He walked back into the deserted lounge and sat down in a position from which he could watch the glass doors of the cocktail bar.

Five minutes passed. Flagg could see the two naval officers making their *adieux*. They passed through the lounge and disappeared.

Flagg got up, walked through the glass doors into the bar. He walked slowly towards Adela. The subaltern looked at him casually. Flagg thought possibly the young man was relieved at the interruption in the conversation.

He said: "I'm sorry to interrupt, but surely you're Mrs. Vallance?"

Adela smiled brightly.

"Oh yes," she said.

"I'm Hubert Flagg," he continued. "Leonore Adams said that if ever I saw you here I was to introduce myself."

She said: "And how did you know it was me?"

"Leonore said that you were very beautiful," said Flagg seriously. "When I saw you I knew that you must be *the* Mrs. Vallance."

"I see," she said. "I think that's a very gallant speech. Won't you sit down?"

The subaltern looked at his wrist-watch. He said:

"By jove, I must be going. I'm on duty to-night, and it's past eight now." He got up. "Good-bye, Adela," he said. "See you again soon. I've loved talking to you."

"So have I," said Adela. "I mean to say, it's been marvellous, hasn't it, talking about all those things—so interesting . . ."

The subaltern nodded to Flagg and went away. Flagg sat down in an armchair opposite Adela. He said:

"Leonore Adams said you were beautiful, but I didn't expect that you were going to look as wonderful as you do."

Adela bridled. It was obvious that she liked flattery. Flagg thought she was not going to be *too* difficult.

She murmured archly: "I can see Leonore has been talking about me. What else did she say? And could I have a gin and Italian, please?"

"Of course," Flagg beckoned to the sleepy waiter and gave the order.

"It was because of what Leonore said that I wanted to talk to you," Flagg went on. "She said you were an awfully interesting person as well as being a very beautiful one. She said you can talk intelligently about the war. I think the war is an absorbing topic."

DAYNOR, his hands still in the air, was standing in front of the fireplace. D'Ianazzi, smiling, stood in the centre of the room, an automatic pistol levelled at Daynor

"It's *the* topic," said Adela. "You know, I think it's awfully silly all this Government business about 'Careless Talk Costs Lives.' Just as if the repetition of anything one heard could possibly hurt anybody.

"Another thing, my opinion is that if everybody was to talk

about all the wonderful inventions—just as much as they could —you'd have such a wave of super-optimism sweeping over everybody that the Fuhrer would probably throw his hand in."

"I think you're right," said Flagg seriously. "I think it's quite stupid—this campaign of keeping quiet—trying to turn us all into a nation of dismal jimmies who simply keep quiet."

He turned his wrist over casually so that he could see the time. He said:

"There are so few people who are interested in the things that matter. It's a pleasure to meet (*Continued on page 50*)

First Command

The record of a successful attack of a submarine

By Edward Cranston

THE lieutenant walked down the hill towards the harbour. Far below, in the creek, he could see the long, slim lines of a submarine. Her dull grey paintwork shone slightly in the sun. Not enough to reflect moonlight though, he thought, and smiled. Odd to think that at last he was to have a command of his own. That the boat lying down there in the still water was his. His to control, his to sail into enemy territory; his, perhaps, to inflict yet another loss on the Nazi war machine. He felt a thrill of pride as he neared the small pier. He could see her quite clearly now. She was not a very new boat. Rather on the small side, but he noted with satisfaction the spotless conning tower and decks. He stepped on to the gangplank and heard the shrill call of the bosun's pipe and then the gruff voice of the quartermaster calling down the bridge hatch: "Captain's coming aboard, sir!"

THE lieutenant's wife sat in front of the fire reading. She glanced up at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was nearly six o'clock—almost time for the news. Except for the brief periods when her husband was on leave she had listened to that news every day for the past eighteen months. It always required an effort to switch it on. It was an untold relief when it came to an end and she knew he was still safe. She supposed she ought to be used to it by now. He had been in submarines ever since the war started, but somehow she could never quietly accept the fact of his danger and then forget about it. There was something uncanny about the perils which lurked below the surface of the sea. Those unseen perils which struck and killed in a single second. And now he had his own command. She was proud, intensely proud, but the long hours of waiting still went on. She stood up and switched off the wireless.

THE navigator stood at the captain's side on the bridge as the submarine glided slowly towards the harbour entrance. At intervals he bent to look at his chart and then took quick bearings with the small compass. As the breakwater slid away to port of them he turned to the captain:

"Pretty tough job for a first trip, sir!"

The captain laughed. "Tough for the Germans, I hope! We submerge soon, don't we?"

The navigator studied the chart once more. "Five minutes time, sir."

The captain looked at his watch. Ahead of them the sea was calm and still. Pity we can't stay on the surface for a bit, he thought. The submarine's wake lay like a white feather on the water astern of them.

"O.K.," said the navigator.

The captain pressed a knob and the jarring note of the warning bell rang through the boat. The men on the bridge disappeared down the hatch into the hull. The captain was the last to go, pulling the hatch down over his head and securing it.

He walked over to the control position by the periscope and nodded to the first lieutenant who gave his orders and the men at the flooding wheels obeyed. The submarine tilted and began to dive slowly. The captain stood watching the depth register. After a brief interval he looked up.

"O.K. number one—that'll do."

The deck levelled out again. It was very quiet after the noise of the Diesels on the surface. The submarine seemed as steady as a rock.

"Steer due east," said the captain.

The submarine dawdled along the surface, her engines going slow ahead. The pitch blackness of the night clung round her like a thick blanket. Once again the sea was flat calm. The tiny ripple made by the bows showed only a faint glimmer in the darkness.

"We're safe enough for the moment," said the captain. The first lieutenant nodded.

"It's nice to have a quiet spell like this before the fireworks. Gives the men time to get a good rest."

"They'll need it," answered the other, "this convoy's got a strong escort."

The first lieutenant peered out ahead into the night. He was feeling as he always felt on these occasions; not scared, just eager for things to start happening.

"All the same," he said, "I loathe all this waiting." The captain laughed.

"That's the worst of this job," he said, "the waiting before you attack, and then the waiting afterwards for depth charges!" He turned to look at the compass. The faint glow from the lighted disc shone for a moment on his face. There were dark shadows beneath his eyes and he had not shaved for some days.

Illustrated by M. Mackinlay

There was a flash and the sound of an explosion. The E-boat seemed to leap out of the water and then fall back again

"Well, number one, I'm going down for a drop of sleep. Call me at three!"

As he swung himself down through the hatch he heard one of the stokers whisper softly to his companion: "Bet yer an even five bob we bags one termorrer!"

The captain smiled as he pulled back the curtain which screened the wardroom with its bunks from the rest of the hull. I hope you win, he thought.

THE captain stood at the periscope. At any moment now, he was thinking, we should see them.

In other parts of the submarine the men talked softly to each other and waited. Each one of them knew exactly what he had to do when the time came. There was an atmosphere of tense expectancy throughout the boat. Should be any moment now.

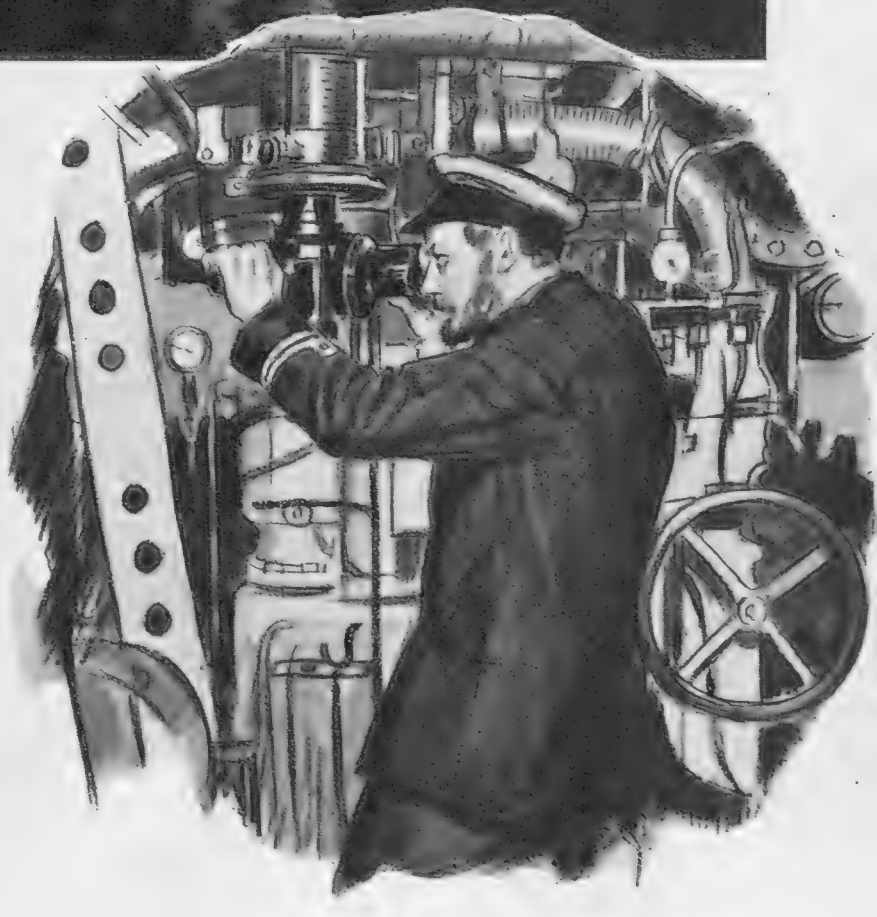
"Action stations!" shouted the captain.

Within five seconds every man was in his place.

The gun's crew stood beneath their hatch waiting for the sudden upward tilt of the deck and the sharp, brief order which would send them scrambling upwards to swing their gun into action.

The torpedo tubes' crews stood at their stations tense and ready. The man at the firing levers stared ahead of him, seeing nothing but the squat covers at the rear end of the tubes, yet knowing full well that he held death in his hands.

The captain was swinging the periscope slowly round. He was the only man who knew what was happening up there above them. The rest of the crew waited and put their trust in him. He could just make out the shapes of the convoy. They were in a (*Continued on page* 58)



The captain was swinging the periscope slowly round. He was the only man who knew what was happening up there above them

Soldier *of the* King

Who Volunteered for Death and Found Romance

By

William Fay

AS always, when he saw the enemy upstairs, the blood went out of Joe Gallagher, the way it always does when you're about to fight a man with fists, or throw a pair of dice for all the money you possess. Just scared.

The Nazis must have hung themselves on hooks to be a thousand feet above the Spitfires. They'd come down, two Messerschmitts, full out, depending on the angle of their dives to intercept the faster British planes. Gallagher got one of them. He got the Nazi fast, holding his breath and burning his guns until the German ship exploded in the air. The other Nazi limped away and there had not been time to herd him down. There was a job to do.

"You're all right, Gallagher," Nedley said. "You bet your life you are."

They could speak to one another as they flew—Gallagher and Charlie Binns and Nedley, who commanded. It was good to talk into the microphone and good to hear a strong voice in the earphones when you weren't certain of yourself. If you could be master of your voice at all, you made a manly sound and did not betray the trembling that went on inside of you.

Charlie said: "You potted him, Joe. Nice shot." Charlie's voice was much too big in the phones, as though he'd taken several breaths before he let it go.

Nedley said again: "You're all right, Gallagher," and Joe said back to his superior: "Just what the hell did you think I'd be?"

They laughed.

The Spitfires flew high and very fast, unseen against the ceiling of sky, their small bombs tight against their stomachs, like eagle claws streamlined against the wind. They flew east of the Channel now, with the captive land of the French beneath their wings, and the miles fled under their wings, six times faster than the minutes went away.

JOE GALLAGHER was the American, sealed tight and pretty in the glass enclosure of the Spitfire's pit like something good to eat. This was—this special mission into France—the end of Gallagher, he feared. This was the end of Gallagher because his mouth, his pride of self before his comrades and his gift for volunteering had been quicker than his courage seemed to be right now. He was twenty-six years old and big and very much alone. He looked just dandy, sitting there, immobile save for large hands set upon the dials and the turn of his head each now and then as he watched the morning sky.

He wondered if his comrades knew that back a little way—before he'd shot the Messerschmitt into the Channel—the thought had crept in, the thought and hope born of a fear, that maybe in the fight he'd be deterred from that tough job that lay ahead of them; there'd be a better chance to live and get back home again. He loathed himself for having such a thought. But he was not content with sacrifice as full as this. He had no desire to end his healthy life so surely, inescapably as one of three who'd put their necks out rapidly as turkeys for a bit of corn when Squadron Leader Drew had said "Volunteer."

All right to volunteer for jobs like that. That's fine, if you don't care, if you can afford to throw yourself away—and maybe if you're old, if you've forgotten what it's like to have a girl who's young, alive, whose blood is warm, who waits for you—then maybe it's all right. He looked at Marcia's picture, where he'd pasted it before him. The picture smiled a lonely little smile for him. It was the picture of a girl whose face was kind, who had the whitest skin, the blackest hair.

"Marcia," she had told him. "Marcia Binns." While she danced with him, head back and looking at him, while the lights were very low and blue where they danced, and he could

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

JOE counted as he had been told to do. He kicked her over in a dive

not tell, in such a light, the colour of her gown. Her eyes were big and dark and happy eyes. He had never danced with such a lovely girl in England.

"Binns? You mean the same as in Charlie Binns?" She smiled that this was so. "Then you're Charlie's sister? That's why you're here?"

"Because I'm Charlie's sister. Yes."

"But I never knew he had a sister."

"Charlie's always so modest."

"Well, that's fine. That's wonderful. That's just about the nicest thing I know."

"I like it, too."

"My name is Gallagher. Soldier of the King. All day long I tell myself that I'm a soldier of the King. It sounds like something we don't have in Buffalo. Though we've got stuff in Buffalo you couldn't even imagine. We've got everything but buffaloes in Buffalo."

"Charlie gave me the particulars. He told me that you wrote a song about yourself. Something rather fine that all the boys are singing."

"He told you what? Oh, that! Charlie and the boys just think I wrote the song. What I did was steal a song and change the words around. It's really *The Eagles They Fly High In Mobile.*"

"What did you say it was?"

He told her once again. "If I really wrote a song," he said. "If I knew how—I'd put you in it, Marcia. Sure I would. You'd be the whole damned thing."

"Thank you, Mr. Gallagher." She put her head back where it should be, if they were to dance. The Noel Coward music was soft and ancient, precious. It was *I'll See You Again*, and serviceable to the moment as an Anglo-American anthem. She said softly, against his shoulder: "Charlie warned me you would be like that."

"Like what?"

"Like—oh, rather silly, and very brave. Gallant. So many things that people seem to know about you."

He pushed her away, to look at her again. He found her calm and serious, her fine face looking up at his appraisingly. He liked this girl, and what she thought of him was, momentarily, at least, the most important thing he knew. "Anything wrong? Anything terrible they said about me, Marcia?"

"No. Only the pleasantest things, of course. And most of it from Charlie. You probably know how fond he is of you."

"Well, he never asked me to dance. He's a good kid, Charlie. A nice boy. A crazy chap."

The music stopped and they had walked across the floor together. They had found food and drinks on the broad buffet that was set for officers and guests. Dimly, through the steaming windows, they had seen the snow fall steadily in the bitter outdoor night. The dance was in the parish hall of a church, perhaps thirty miles from London. The logs in an open fire were glowing and vast, cut from the full bellies of local trees. The fire gave uneven but welcome heat. He was grateful and happy to be standing there and looking at this girl. "Here's to Buffalo," she said and raised her glass.

"You're very good to me," he said. "Stay close." He tried, with mild success, to keep away from friends, acquaintances. He danced with her again. They talked. He learned some things about her. Not too much. Not very much at all. She was Charlie's older sister, Marcia said, and almost twenty-one. She had gone to school in France, before the war, and had made several of the cakes spread on the supper board, besides some knitted underwear for Charlie to assist against the frigid trials of winter flight. "And some for you," she promised, "—when I know you better, Joe."

"That will be the day," he said. "I'll wear the underwear outside my uniform."

Once, while they were dancing in the shaded light, and while her face was turned towards his, he kissed her lightly. She just put her head back on his shoulder. They kept dancing. He said: "Marcia." She was warm and close to him. "Marcia, darling." He felt her head, her lovely hair press closer to his face. He said: "I'm not cheating, Marcia. I'm not being cheap, romantic for to-night. This counts. This is the business, Marcia."

She said: "Don't make me answer, Joe." She said it softly. She was so tender. He could not tell why she was this way. "Just hold me. Just keep dancing, Joe."

"I'll see you to-morrow," he said. "I'll be at liberty to-morrow." She said there was some shopping she must do.

"I'll see you then in London. I can help you with your shopping."

"You help me very much," she said. "You're the biggest, nicest help I know."

WELL, he wondered how Charlie felt now, in the crystal morning sky, at thirty thousand feet, wrapped in the underwear that Marcia made for him. "Warm, Charlie? How's it goin', kid?" Gallagher spoke into his microphone.

"Fine, Joe. Snug as an ice cube."

"Don't worry, Gallagher. It will be warm enough soon." That was Nedley speaking. No need to ask him what he meant. "We're very close now, gentlemen. I'll be going down first. Remember orders now. No chivalry. That goes for both of you. You're both the chivalrous kind, and nice lads, too. Whoever is closest at the time will endeavour to pick up the agent. God willing, the other one or two of us will protect the landing with our guns. No need of further questions, is there?" They agreed there was no need of it. "Then why don't we do something pleasant for the next five minutes? Why don't you whistle, Gallagher? That damned fool song you wrote."

Joe whistled the purloined tune. The first few bars of it, then said: "The hell with it." Nobody answered him. The Spitfires flew high and fast and hoped they were not heard.

IT had been in the morning, just before his leave—before he had left to shop with Marcia in the London stores. Squadron Leader Drew had called a dozen of them to his office. The squadron leader was smoothing a map that hung on one wall. He smoked a cigar and offered each of them cigars and gave them whisky, too. He said: "We've had some luck, gentlemen. Fine luck. Intelligence job. You men have been chosen on your records, for your skill and general qualities. But we'll only need three of you. Sit here, Gallagher. Relax, all of you. There now. That's excellent. Now the job is this."

There was an enemy machine shop, the squadron leader said, a small but very important one, some miles from the channel coast of France. "Make bombsights there. Repair them, too. This little shop fulfils the enemy's needs too well. It's crucial, gentlemen. Just crucial." It was, the squadron leader had explained, camouflaged as neatly as a rabbit in an opera hat. "It's in the countryside. It's here." The squadron leader showed them on the map. "There's really nothing there that any one can see. It's hills and meadows, chicken houses and snow. A splendid camouflage. A perfect one, because their shop is underground."

The snow, the squadron leader said, because they knew about such things, would still be there to-morrow. About a foot of it. "We've had an agent there who located the place precisely. The agent will be back there to-morrow, will be dropped off to-night. The enemy has not the least idea we're coming. But when he does know—when he finds at last we've come, it won't be easy for the men who do the job."

The method of spotting the objective, the squadron leader said, had been worked out by the British agent, who, accepted in the locality as a citizen of occupied France, would suddenly negotiate the hill on skis—which was a permissible and not extraordinary thing of itself, this time of year; the agent would come fast and place a small smoke pot on the snowy meadow, precisely above the object of the Spitfires' tidy little bombs. This would occur two minutes after seven in the morning, British time. The agent would ski on. You boys would do your job, and every second counted. If possible you would retrieve the agent, who was valuable. You would be lucky, very lucky if you lived to tell your children what a help you were to England in the war.

Gallagher had found himself and Charlie standing up, along with Flight Lieutenant Nedley, their senior in rank, and even while he stood there, framed for the admiring eyes of others who had not been quite so swift, he knew that he was giving service greater than he wished to give. He was afraid, now that the thing was done. He wished that he had hesitated long enough to have someone else stand in his place, then afterwards, he might have told himself, "I would have volunteered, if I had had the chance. It's just that I didn't jump so quickly as those crazy, pop-eyed kids who don't know what they're doing." This way it was—well, it was the end of Gallagher.

(*Continued on page* 68)

THE exit they attempted had been closed. A length of trolley track, of all things, stretched right across the shattered doors

Old Tales Re-told

The Adventurous Journey of William Adams

the first Briton to set foot on Japan

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

Alone the "Liefde" struggled on, with a crew of ten under the command of William Adams

ON April 19 of the year 1600 a Dutch ship, the *Liefde*, entered the port of Beppur, the capital of Gungo's Province in the extreme westerly island of Kiusin's Archipelago, Japanese territory.

As the ship manœuvred to approach a spot suitable for mooring, a crowd of vociferous natives gathered on the primitive quay, agog to see what sort of visitors this European ship had brought to their shores.

The rusty anchor had scarcely been lowered when a small boat manned by Japanese brought to the ship's side a European priest. He scrambled nimbly on board, followed by the crew. He was a Portuguese. In answer to his inquiry for the captain, a man came forward whose haggard face spoke eloquently of the ordeal through which he had passed. He was an Englishman, by name William Adams.

When the priest discovered Adams's nationality his friendly attitude changed to distrust. He demanded to know where the crew were. "These are all who are left," Adams answered, indicating the five tattered wretches who came staggering forward, leaning on the taffrail. Two of them fell on their hands and knees. The priest was plainly incredulous, and ordered the crew of the rowing-boat to unsheathe their knives and go below to investigate.

Returning from their task, the Japanese sailors were able to reassure the priest that this was not a trap and no one else was aboard. Apparently it was true that the big ship had been manned only by these six human wrecks. Adams knew no Japanese, and it was mainly by intuition that he divined what was passing between the stern Jesuit and his excited followers; also what the latter were shouting to their countrymen on shore. A little later more heads appeared over the ship's side, the first of an invading swarm. Unable to offer any resistance, Adams and his men were forced to witness the looting of their ship, which they had brought into harbour with so much suffering. However, it transpired that only the more easily movable objects had been taken away.

No violence was attempted against them. Instead, they were conducted to the port authorities, where they had to show their papers.

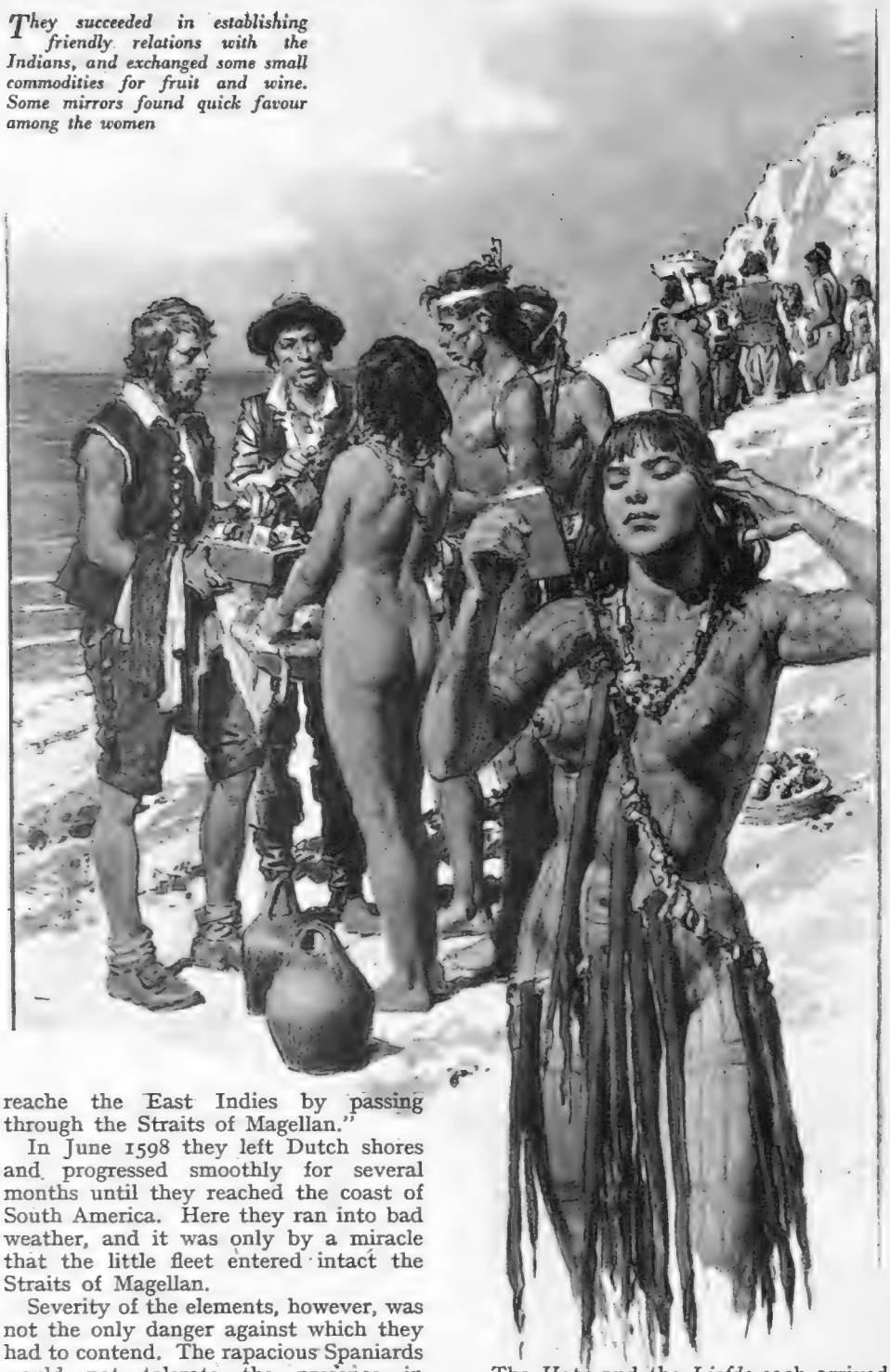
This, then, was Japan—and these the Japanese. The land that had been uppermost in Adams's dreams since his boyhood was now a reality. And he was the first Briton to set foot on it.

WILLIAM ADAMS was born in Gillingham in the year 1564. An intelligent, bright-eyed child, he would listen for hours to tales of Columbus's discoveries. He had many toy ships, and in them maybe he saw prophetic visions of the future.

His father, John Adams, put no obstacles in his way, and apprenticed him when he was twelve years old to the shipbuilding firm of N. Diggins of Limehouse. Some years later he qualified as a pilot, and in this capacity he served in her Majesty's ships until he had reached the coveted post of captain of the 120-ton ship *Richard Duffield*, with a crew of seventy under him. In this vessel he transported victuals to the fleet of Francis Drake in the west.

After serving with the Company of Barbary Merchants for over ten years, he learned that Holland had embarked on some traffic with the Indies. "Desirous to make a little experience of the knowledge which God had given him," he accepted the task of Pilot-Major of "a fleet of five sail wiche set out from Texel under the command of Jacques Mahn. The object of the voyage was to

They succeeded in establishing friendly relations with the Indians, and exchanged some small commodities for fruit and wine. Some mirrors found quick favour among the women



reache the East Indies by passing through the Straits of Magellan."

In June 1598 they left Dutch shores and progressed smoothly for several months until they reached the coast of South America. Here they ran into bad weather, and it was only by a miracle that the little fleet entered intact the Straits of Magellan.

Severity of the elements, however, was not the only danger against which they had to contend. The rapacious Spaniards would not tolerate the presence in American waters of any flag but their own. It was only with great difficulty that revictualling of the five ships could be accomplished after thirteen months at sea. Among the letters written by the crews to their families there was one addressed to England. It was from William Adams to his wife and child. These letters were entrusted to the captain of one of the five ships who refused to proceed and declared his intention of going back to Holland. The other four continued on their gallant journey to the Pacific. Before they had gone very far one of them was stopped and captured by Spaniards; later on another one was confiscated by the Portuguese.

THE remaining two were parted by a violent storm. None knew the whereabouts of the others. In anticipation of some such event, the captains had agreed to proceed, each as best he could, to a meeting-point on the coast of Chile, whence, after waiting for a maximum of one month, he would continue his voyage.

The *Hope* and the *Liefde* each arrived at the meeting-place, and waited in vain for their comrades. When the month was up, they set sail again, hugging the coast in the hope of getting provisions. Approaching Cape Santa Maria they dropped anchor and sent a few boats ashore. The boats were greeted by a shower of darts. Adams and his men were desperate with hunger, and they decided to brave this inhospitable reception and make a landing. Eventually they succeeded in establishing more friendly relations with the Indians, and exchanged some small commodities for fruit and wine. Some mirrors found quick favour among the women. They arranged to return next day for a more important consignment of provisions; and to this end some twenty musketeers landed the following morning and marched inland to the market place bearing sacks and baskets to be replenished. They marched straight into an ambush. At a point from behind shrubs and rocks over a thousand Indians sprang out on them, attacking with amazing ferocity. The soldiers retreated, fighting all the way and leaving behind some of their comrades who had fallen. A similar party landing from the second ship some distance away had met with the same experience, save that the attack had been even more murderous, and many more men, including the general in command, had been killed.

The men's plight now was worse than ever, for they could neither land nor continue on their way without food. While they were discussing the situation, two Spaniards rowed out to the ship and asked permission to come aboard. They gave no plausible reason for wanting to do so, and it was apparent that they had designs on the cargo in the steerage. Adams was struck by an idea for making

use of these scoundrels. He told them that they must consider themselves as prisoners, fated to starve with their captors, unless they ordered the Indians to provide a reasonable quantity of provisions and bring them safely on board. The Spaniards, realising that they were outwitted, capitulated at once; and Adams's ruse saved the situation. With the victuals on board, the Spaniards released, and a fair wind to speed them, the *Hope* and the *Liefde* set sail again, hoping for a change of fortune. But their ordeal was not yet over. The calamity that came upon them this time proved that fate sometimes aggravates her cruelty with irony. Running short of food again, they approached an island and landed eight or nine men in search of fruit or other eatables. They were seen to disappear into the thick scrub—and never came back. The island was inhabited by cannibals. Driven by hunger, the poor wretches had become food for others. Again the number of the crews was reduced.

Resuming their disastrous journey, they were obliged to boil the skins which were used to cover the ropes. In mid-Pacific another terrific storm blew up and tossed the two vessels about as if they had been a pair of nutshells. A mountainous wave struck the *Hope* broadside-on, and she capsized. A few floating fragments were quickly snatched from view, and soon nothing remained of that gallant ship at all.

Alone, the *Liefde* struggled on, with a crew of ten under the command of William Adams, who was determined to keep going till the last. Towards the end of March the weather improved considerably; but four of his men were dead of hunger, and the rest were already sunk in an apathy of despair. For them the sight of land meant only new terrors, and when—about the middle of April—the coast of Japan hove in sight they could only speculate on what kind of death fate held in store for them. But it was early yet for such forebodings. And here we link up with our opening and continue the story.

I had a map of the world with me and I showed him how I had gone down to Cape Horn and up again to Japan

The pitiful condition of Adams and his five companions must have aroused the compassion of the native "Viceroy," for he did not follow the suggestion given him by the Jesuit priest. The latter had described the seafarers as thieves, pirates and heathen of the worst kind, and had added that it would be better to impale or crucify them sooner than let them loose among the population. The reason for this active hatred was mostly a commercial one. The holy follower of Loyola was afraid that the trade already established between Spain and Japan would be snatched away by the greedy Dutch and the English, "who steal everything they meet at sea." (This characteristic utterance of the Spaniards was first heard after they had made the acquaintance of "a certain Francis Drake"!)

To their surprise, the six survivors were promised protection and given food and lodging. Restored by abundant dishes of rice and chicken, and by many hours of peaceful sleep, they began to take more interest in what was happening.

They noticed with renewed fears the gruesome spectacles of impaled and crucified malefactors hung along the roadsides. Comparatively light offences were punished in this grim fashion.

The arrival of a Dutch boat with a British captain was an event of such magnitude that the ruling Prince, Jyeysasu (called Emperor in the original documents) sent for Adams to go to Osaka, where the Court then was, for an interview.

Here is a description, written by Adams himself, of his first meeting with the powerful Jyeysasu:

"The thirteenth day of May 1600 I came to the city of the Great King, who introduced me at Court. It is a very costly building with a great abundance of gilded ornaments. As I found myself before him he looked at me well and seemed to be extremely favourable. He made many signs to me—some I understood, some others not. Eventually someone arrived who could speak Portuguese. Through him the King asked me about my native country and what had induced me to come from such a long way. I told him I was British and that my country had for a long time searched for a route to the East Indies, and wanted the friendship of all the kings and potentates with the object of trading and supplying each other with articles that we both want. He asked me if we were at war with any country. I told him that we were, but only with Spain and Portugal. With the rest of the world it was all peace and friendly intercourse. He wanted also to know a great deal about my religion. Then about my journey from Holland.

"I had a map of the world with me and I showed him how I had gone down to Cape Horn and up again to Japan. He did not believe it and said I was lying. I showed him samples of different kinds of merchandise and asked him for licence to trade with his country just as the Spaniards and Portuguese were doing. He gave me no answer and, it being midnight, he went away without explaining the meaning of his silence."

Adams was at a loss to understand why the meeting had ended in such an unsatisfactory manner. But a second summons came to appear before Jyeysasu. The result of this was that Adams and his companions were put in prison. Each man was confined in a big square box, just tall enough to allow him to stand upright. They were not, however, submitted to any rough treatment.

Meanwhile all the Portuguese who had any influence with Jyeysasu tried to induce him to mete out a death sentence for the newcomers. But Jyeysasu realised that envy and fear were at the bottom of their fantastic accusations, and after a period of hesitation he not only released the prisoners but gave them houses to live in, daily rations of rice and other things, and a generous compensation for the property stolen from their ship. He granted Adams a trading licence, declaring that he did (*Continued on page 57*)

When William Adams obtained at long last the permit to return to his own land, his dainty Madame Butterfly had already presented him with two children, Joseph and Suzanna

Lucky Family

Life on the Farm in Occupied France was Complacent—until . . .

By Ferdinand Tuohy

OLD father Blanc—*le vieux père Blanc* as bishop and brat knew him—sat huddled on an upturned box in the dismal, half-shuttered market square. He had sat there since early morning over his two baskets, although these had contained little to begin with. A few undersized eggs, some pale butter—far from the light golden hue of yore—several bundles of onions and heads of cabbage, and a couple of rabbits had been all that Thérèse, his granddaughter, had brought down from the farm. Three times each week Thérèse performed this mission which was done solely to humour the old fellow. For old father Blanc still had a share in the farm though he chose to live in the town where he could count and re-count his savings in all safety and secrecy. He did not want the family knowing everything, watching his every act, *preparing for his death*. Besides, his lodgings had served well in the past when mother Blanc had been alive. She had always preferred the town, and for thirty years Jules, the only son, had looked after the farm.

Old father Blanc bent his head stiffly from side to side in search of a customer. Formerly he could hardly have seen the cobblestones for the crush of people; now they glistened in the thin sunlight that had followed a raw drizzle. Hour after hour his movements were the same. The rigid, painful scanning up and down the street, the stiff stamping of peasant boots, or he would pull his woollen scarf further over his head and complete the operation by drawing a mittened hand across a long nose red with cold. A handkerchief did not enter into his scheme, though one should rarely have been out of his hand.

On the few occasions when passers-by stopped to examine his baskets, exchanging a "Good morning, old father, you look cold," he peered down closely at the probing hands. "Ten francs a bundle," he'd croak to the housewife holding up onions that in other days might have fetched a penny; or "Be careful with those eggs—they're worth eight francs each."

Old father Blanc didn't need the money; none of the family were in need of money; but as long as he drew breath he meant to go on selling

A LOCAL Nazi had been shot dead

produce in the market square. War or no war, francs were still francs to him—and how mother would have chuckled at his takings these days! Few customers, true, yet the francs one could extract! Ninety francs, that Nazi had given him for the bigger of the two rabbits. Here was the crinkly paper in his pocket. Back in his lodgings at midday, the old man counted carefully. One hundred and sixty-five francs of which one hundred and thirty were in paper. He lifted the bedclothes and, leaning over the mattress, felt for a certain place. Then he slipped the one hundred and thirty francs neatly beside paper packets of different colours and sizes, and replaced everything as it had been. The loose change he'd convert into more paper at the café—all except the few francs needed for his little glass of warming Calvados, his only luxury. The

Germans hadn't drunk all of that yet, though they were beginning to like it.

In the café, he strained to hear the latest. Once impassable on market days, the clientele was now reduced to ten or twelve middle-aged and elderly men who shut up like clams if any one outside themselves came on the scene. To-day the talk was all of the town having been fined 500,000 francs because of some remarks made in the cinema while a German news film was being shown. "They refuse to take banknotes in settlement, and naturally they won't touch their own monkey money, their Scheine," added the day's informant. "They insist on being paid in shares in Tellier's factory. They'll own the whole of France soon. What's easier? Put up a stool pigeon to make remarks at the cinema. Fine the town half of one of its factories which becomes half German-owned. And so on round France!"

OLD father Blanc slowly wagged his head. For the first time that day he spoke a sentence without market produce in it. "There were no cinemas in 1870."

"No, but they used to fine us then too, didn't they?" It was said too quickly, but the company waited patiently. To think that this old chap had known those other Germans long ago! Anything about that Occupation was worth listening to now. Someone coaxed: "How old were you, grandpa?"

"The Prussians were here for more than a year." The croaking voice stopped.

"And then?"

"They behaved well. They helped on the farms. They wore beards and moustaches. They drank and took our women. I was a boy—thirteen—but I saw much. They were better than these correct young pigs. Sometimes our women did not mind. If they were alone. Especially the Bavarians." It was as much as old father Blanc had uttered continuously in a long while. He subsided over his Calvados and the company was still thinking when the door was pushed open by a young woman in businesslike country dress.

"Well, grandfather, and you have forgotten the occasion? Come, we are already late. Gentlemen," Thérèse turned to the group, "you will excuse us, but we have a little celebration. My brother, Louis, is back from Germany."

"You don't say?"

"How did that happen?"

"Louis who was a prisoner?"

"Yes, yes," Thérèse tackled the chorus. "He has been released as an agriculturist."

"Like Jean!" threw somebody.

"Yes, like Jean!" Thérèse laughed back defiance, and showed a tongue tip.

"They're a fortunate family, those Blancs," reflected the café keeper when the door was to again. "There they are, all united. All of them. Just as if the war hadn't touched them. Count. Grandfather. Farmer Jules and his wife. Now Louis who has just returned, and *his* wife. Pierre who was too young to be called up. Thérèse. And Prosper, the handyman, who was too old to be mobilised. You won't find many households in France with that luck. And into the bargain there's Jean who is not officially of the family. Even the lover was kindly sent back by the Boches."

Heads nodded in agreement. "It is true."

The café group thoroughly explored the remarkable luck of the Blancs in more than one domain. Hearsay and malice entered. So juicy a topic lightly spanned ten minutes, by which time the Blancs themselves were pulling up their chairs to table two miles away, and Louis was proceeding with his prison camp experiences which had more than once been broken off and recommenced by request during the half hour he'd been back. A tall, thin young man with sallow, sunken cheeks—his mother had said she would soon blow them out again into Norman pippins—there was a lack of native fire in his words. He needed prodding and spoke slowly for a Frenchman.

"This soup is heavenly," Louis interrupted himself. "Ours used to be beans and slops. Twice a day. And coffee-coloured, dry bread. Those who agreed to work outside did better. Lots agreed in order to get away from the propaganda blared at us all day long. I did. Then, when they discovered I was a farmer, they took me to the nearest town where I was interviewed by a Frenchman. He asked all about the farm and what were our politics. Naturally, I thought they were after you, father."

"They called here."

"Well, weeks passed before I learnt what it was about. They said they were sorting out sound young men to send back to the land, in France. There had been an agreement with Pétain. But first I'd have to learn what National Socialism was. Then I'd have to promise to say or do nothing against it, once I got back to France. In fact they hinted broadly that I'd be expected to stick up for it. They said I'd be

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

watched all the time in France and that if I gave the slightest dissatisfaction, I'd be sent back to Germany. Or rather they said that would be the least that would happen to me."

"Just the same as with Jean," blurted out Thérèse, only to regret she had spoken. A cold parental glance reminded her that Jean was not to be discussed at that board. He was only a farm hand, even if he did now happen to be by far the finest male specimen in all that tragically depleted countryside. The thought recompensed Thérèse. Anyway, she'd got Jean—privately.

"Are you going to help them?" Pierre asked his elder brother.

"Show no sentiments," cut short Farmer Jules. "None whatever. Remain neutral. To Gaulleists, Communists, Nazis, all of them. But be otherwise well disposed to the Germans."

"Jean is not even that." Thérèse couldn't repress it. "Promise you won't be either?" She leant across to Louis.

"Come, come, children," scotched Madame Blanc. "Here is the omelet, and well filled with onions. Far better than politics!"

Grandfather was served first. The old man never took part in family exchanges unless a reply was forced from him. He usually spent the time woolgathering in francs, and just then was ruminating on the ninety francs he had received for the bigger rabbit. Daughter-in-law Marie had been detailed to look after him, and now she said: "Grandfather, you have soup all over your chin—give me your napkin!" The old man sucked up a mouthful of omelet before he allowed himself to be wiped clean. Then he slowly mumbled: "Half a million . . .

cinema" and was promptly forgotten.

"But tell me about yourselves," exclaimed Louis. (*Continued on page 72*)

AN astonishing sight sped along the main street. Three women of the Blanc family shrieking from a trap: "They have taken all our men!"

Under the Microscope

THE joking question "What did Gladstone say in 1864?" is likely to be succeeded by the serious inquiry as to what Winston said in 1928, or any other year since he first entered Parliament in the early nineteen hundreds. No statesman in living memory has had a more difficult part to play in the last two years, and yet, taken as a whole, his life has led up to it as though pre-ordained.

That, at any rate, is the probably unwitting impression I got from reading "Winston Churchill" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) as compiled by Lewis Broad. And I mean compiled, and not written, because the research work involved in this outstanding biography dwarfs the writing which links it together. His youth and his school days go into one chapter. And then we get down to facts as seen by a man who admits that when he sets out to collect them he did so in no flattering frame of mind. Quotations from his many political speeches, especially those of his early days, give as fine a picture of the man as ten thousand words of insincere portraiture. Gradually the man who is now leader of the nation evolves from a life which is at any rate consistent from his point of view. Right up to the Atlantic Charter the story goes on, fascinating even if it had not been so topical, and fully documented throughout.

I shall be committing no "terminological inexactitude," the classic phrase which Winston invented at the age of thirty-one in a debate on labour in South Africa, when I describe this book as a winner which should be in every library, public or private.

BOOKS:

Reviewed by

Noel Thompson

DON'T blame me if this month I have less escapist books than usual on my list of recommendations. Various angles on the war, especially the blitz on London, are beginning to assume a proper proportion, and to call for perpetuating in print. The number that will live is at present few. One will undoubtedly come eventually from the typewriter of Quentin Reynolds, of outstanding postscript fame. His latest, however, written during a nineteen-day voyage across the Atlantic in convoy, apart from picturing his companions and the daily scenes and occasional excitements, harks back to his early days and the various interesting people he has met. And leaves the war alone.

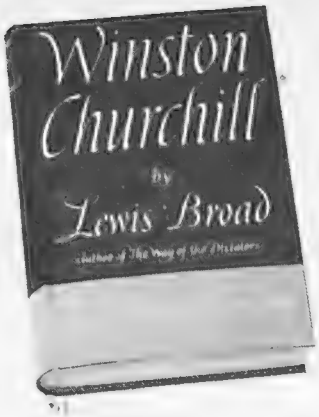
This book, "Don't Think It Hasn't Been Fun" (Cassell, 8s. 6d.), lives up to its title. It *is* fun, whether it deals with inside stories of famous boxers, scotching the saying that alcohol and oysters don't mix, the massacres of the Haitians by the San Dominicans (a Reynolds' scoop in its day), the story of Black Gold, a famous racehorse, or a description of a Nazi rally, with incredible cruelty, in Nuremberg. These and a dozen other subjects are put before you with a journalistic lack of frills which is as satisfying as a steak at Simpsons in pre-war days. And as delicious.

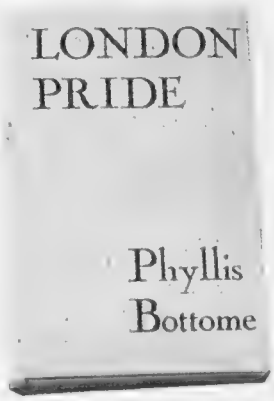
Let me carry on with the few non-war books on my list. "The Vulgar Streak" (Robert Hale, 8s.) is outstanding for the perfect use which Wyndham Lewis makes of words. It is sheer artistry. The plot tells of how Vincent Hale, son of a labouring father, breaks into the upper classes, makes love, marries, and finds his world collapse under the stress of circumstances. At times cynical, but never unreal, there is a serious undertone which does not obtrude. The clear and penetrating characterisation and the succinct style, with every word getting its proper value, is at its best at the funeral scene when Vincent is surrounded by his family in their slum house, and in the early scenes in Venice. In brief, I give full marks.

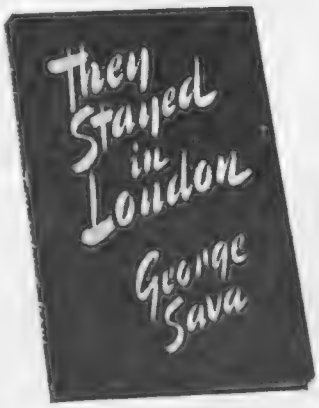
Nancy Johnstone has won herself a reputation with her earlier books, "Hotel in Spain" and "Hotel in Flight." This time she and her husband, after helping at a refugee camp, make their way to Mexico. "Sombreros are Becoming" (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.) tells how, in their typically casual way, they overcome the difficulties of settling in the tropics, and disprove the ferocity of scorpions, the bad effect of the altura, or height, the wickedness of all Indians, and all the other difficulties which the regular inhabitants, as well as casual visitors, try to impress them with. They are bound to have adventures, which are amusingly described. In fact I would go out of my way to praise this book for universal reading, were it not for the unconcealed disapproval which the authoress shows of almost everything or any one British, and more especially English. At such times as these that does not go down well, even if she has been unlucky in her contacts and surroundings.

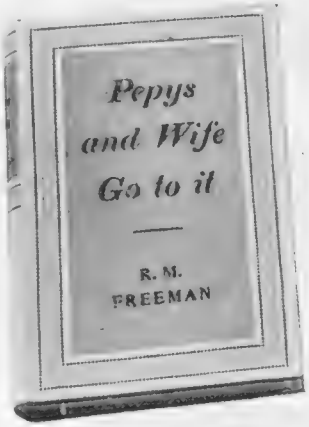
From a world apart comes "A Lady's Child" (Faber & Faber, 15s.), by Enid Starkie. This is a biography telling of an Edwardian childhood in Ireland, a youth spent in Dublin and Oxford, and a family which is always interesting. Not what I would call an important book it is nevertheless always bright as it paints a picture in detail, a picture worth studying for the light it throws on a period.

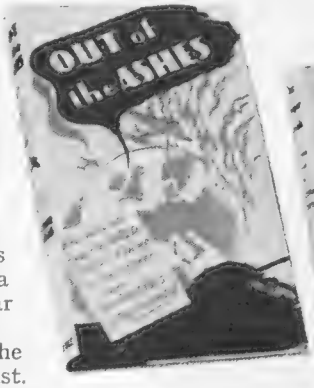
Thorburn Muirhead set himself a task when he decided to delve into the causes of the last war, of this war, and the possibilities of procuring a permanent peace at some date in the future. Nevertheless, he has managed to make a good case in "Out of the Ashes" (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.) to prove that economics (*Continued on page* 60)

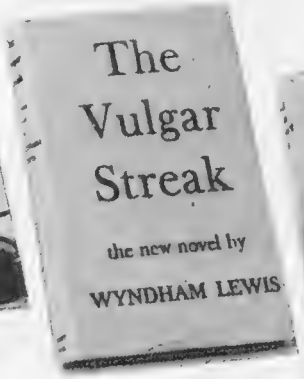


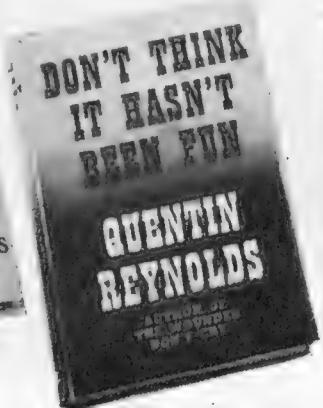


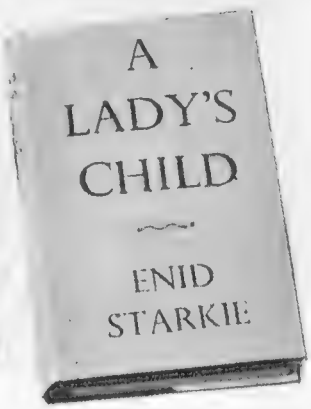












WOMEN AFTER THE WAR

By Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P.

No one is more fitted to write of the current and future problems of women than Edith Summerskill. The Socialist member for Fulham, is married, has two children, combines an active political career with the busy life of a medical practitioner

This war has certainly brought us new problems which must be solved if every one, irrespective of sex, is to enjoy the peace. Women have proved themselves capable of undertaking most of the jobs which were performed by men in peace time. They have shown themselves to be efficient and have displayed courage and resourcefulness in the face of great danger.

Furthermore, they demand these jobs in preference to the cooking, cleaning and nursing which a man-made world has always insisted should be their sphere. The nature of the application for the Auxiliary Services show that women, given the choice, prefer the gun site and the ambulance to the kitchen. The A.T.S. found that the recruiting poster "Adventure Through Service," produced excellent results.

What is going to happen after the war? Are we prepared to tell the women that they are no longer wanted, and that they must go back to the home whether they like it or not? This course of action will be supported by the most forceful arguments. We shall be told that the unemployment problem can only be solved if women return to their homes. Little men with Hitler mentalities, who can only satisfy a latent desire for power by bullying their wives, will make pronouncements on the rightful place of a woman in the scheme of things. These self-appointed pocket dictators, generally inefficient in their own jobs, are fearful lest some more able woman will displace them.

What will the women do? Of course, there will be a division of opinion. Women who find that all life's problems are solved by marriage will join forces with those who vociferously demand that every woman should return to the home, whether she has one to return to or not.

This group will effectively drown the mild protests of those men and women who feel that such treatment is unjust, but who have not sufficient courage to identify themselves with the victims.

Then there will be those who view the matter objectively and hold that action of this kind will not be in the best interests of the community. They will say, and quite rightly, that in a democratic state which can boast of its political and economic equality, a worker's suitability should be determined according to ability, not sex. In other words, society would be served better by a woman with an A1 brain rather than by a man with a C3 intellect and vice versa. But will the women workers themselves tolerate injustice in the future as they have in the past? They should not and I hope they will not.

Take a woman who has given years to scientific research, or one with a flair for architecture or accountancy. To deprive them of equal opportunity with men would be against the interests of the community, an example of totalitarian dictatorship which must not be tolerated.

But we must remember that all women are not scientists or mathematicians or trained to follow a profession. Most of them have non-creative work, long hours and miserably inadequate pay. They are used too often as cheap labour and have not yet learned to protect themselves by organisation.

The large majority of these will be glad to return to their homes, or make new ones after the war. But they will find that the housework, cooking and care of the children will keep them fully occupied and prove just as tiring as factory work.

Those who desire to retain their jobs will probably continue to use the day nurseries which are, at long last, being provided. But all of them will *think* differently. They have, in their small way, tasted the joys of earning a wage which is theirs to use as they think fit. Those who have returned to their homes will find that they work longer hours than in the factory, that the work is physically exhausting, monotonous, and they are isolated from their fellow beings for long periods of the day.

The housewife who cooks, cleans, mends and washes seven days a week, will find that she is not legally entitled to one penny of the family income. That while her husband is expected to provide her with board and lodging, she is legally a dependant who may handle her husband's money for housekeeping purposes, but cannot claim any share in recognition of services which she has rendered in the home. She has few of the rights of other workers.

A housewife is the only individual in the household who does not benefit under the National Health Acts, although she is the one who is often most in need of medical advice.

The injustices from which she suffers are revealed in the inequitable treatment meted out under the scheme dealing with compensation to civilians for air raid injuries. When the regulations were first introduced, the permanently disabled housewife was not to be granted one penny compensation.

She was regarded as the servant of her husband, and therefore could make no claim in her own right. Her husband, however, who was apparently the injured party, was to be granted an allowance with which to pay another domestic help who would undertake the chores hitherto performed by the wife.

The permanently disabled wife then was even deprived of the satisfaction of receiving in her own right a small sum with which she could pay a maid or daily help of her own choice.

The blitz of 1940 dealt more effectively with these regulations than any speech in the House of Commons. The married women injured by the bombs clamoured for more equitable treatment.

The regulations were amended and now the injured housewife is granted a small compensation, (Continued on page 66)

Little

These are boring days for the house-proud. This is a spartan way of life with no new furniture, no new fabrics, no adventures in decorating but just the same old shabby things.

This is, of course, unless you are the kind of woman who can dispense with those famous little touches which are said to make an old home seem new again.

Perhaps you haven't much faith in these. If so, you are missing a lot. Perhaps you haven't much faith either in your ability to produce them. If so, you are missing even more.

Don't be a defeatist about this. Don't leave experimentation in the home to the women with the so-called clever fingers. Don't mistake a lack of will for a lack of skill.

In these times you can depend upon it that the home will relapse into utter boredom unless you apply some decorative stimulus somewhere, somehow. This is why the women with the experimental fingers are going to score.

Don't under-rate yourself. The little touches that will create a new interest in your rooms are easy to come by. They are inexpensive. They are quite within your scope to make and to contrive yourself.

It is an old trick of decorating to provide a focal diversion. That is, to use colour, or lighting, or unusual form to rivet the attention upon some chosen spot.

Now, when your rooms are growing shabby or boring, is the time to make use of this focal diversion yourself. To use the little touches as a diversion from the shabby things.

Look round your home. Look at the rooms objectively. Try to analyse their troubles. Make up your mind if it might not be possible by introducing a diversion in the shape of colour, lighting, or a stimulating piece of furniture, to give a new spirit of interest to the place.

Here, on this page, we have given some simple examples of the little touches which can be created at home. Some of them represent old things made new again. Some are partly new, partly old. They are all simple and they all cost next to nothing.

Use them as a guide. Try some of these tricks. Anyway, it's a new game to play and a game with a practical result.

At the top of the page on the left we have sketched some china and glass which has been given a facial. As you know, glass and china is getting scarcer, so our proposal is that you bring out your old things and give them a new lease of life. Or, if you can manage to pick up some plain pieces of china and glass, pull them together with the kind of decoration shown.

Most artists' colourists sell the kind of paint which is specially made for applying on china and glass. It is simple to use and quite practical in its wearing qualities.

If you are worrying about your abilities as an artist choose the simplest possible designs for your decoration. Plain bands of colour in varying widths and harmonised colours are very effective round the rim of a glass or the edge of a plate.

Interlocking rings, groups of stars, bows and polka dots have a decorative value if used discreetly and require no artistic skill, just a steady hand.

Flower motifs are, of course, the prettiest. If you want to experiment with these, buy a stencil at the art dealer's who provides the paint. They are simply laid upon the surface to be decorated and then filled in.

Bring one of your old tea trays into the scheme as well. Scrub it well if it is made of wood, rub it down with sandpaper until you have a good, smooth and perfectly clean surface, then apply a coat or two of coloured enamel. When this is

Touches

In corners, on shelves— gay pieces created by the woman who determines to relieve the tedium of an economy-muted home

thoroughly dry, and not before, paint on the same flower motif as you have used for the china and glass.

A new piece of painted furniture is good for introducing a colour note in the room. Look over your attic. Get out to the junk shop and pick up a small table, any small table, no matter how chipped and worn. Bring it home and go to work on it to make yourself a new coffee table.

If the table is old and worn scrub it thoroughly first of all. Next strip off all the old varnish and stain with one of the ready-made strippers that can be bought at the oil and colour shops.

When all the old colouring is off and you have scrubbed the table again, rub it down with sandpaper. Don't skimp this operation. The final result of your painting depends upon the thoroughness of this part of the job.

Now get busy with the paint pot. Choose a good, vivid colour. Something to contrast or harmonise with the general scheme. Finally, when the paint has hardened, get your stencils out again and apply a flower motif, either in the centre of the table or wherever it will look best.

Overhaul your lamp shades. You can link up colour schemes and introduce some charming new effects in this way. Our sketch shows a lampshade made from tartan silk. This was made from an old taffeta dress, and has frills at the edges to give a more frivolous touch. The lamp itself is adapted from one of the smaller chemist's bottles. It is filled with water, tinted with green cake colouring and matches the green in the taffeta.

Pleated parchment shades are quite easy to make. Plain parchment shades can be enlarged with a heavy ruche of ribbon, or with several rows of coloured ribbon laid side by side along the edge and round the top of the shade.

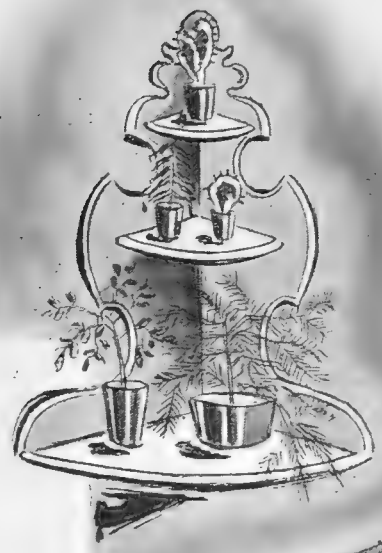
Dining-room chairs can have a new interest by addition of new seat coverings. Wool cross-stitch, as shown in the sketch, is particularly effective for this. It wears well, looks gay and gets done quickly.

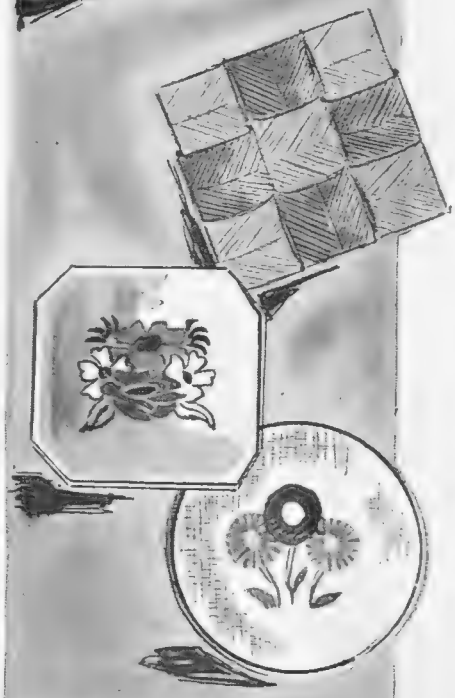
On the right-hand corner is a bed quilt to make at home. This is a little more ambitious, but well worth an effort. The main part of the quilt is made from a furry furnishing fabric, rather like the teddy bear cloth we use for coats. It has a plush-like texture and is made in pastel colours. It is also very wide.

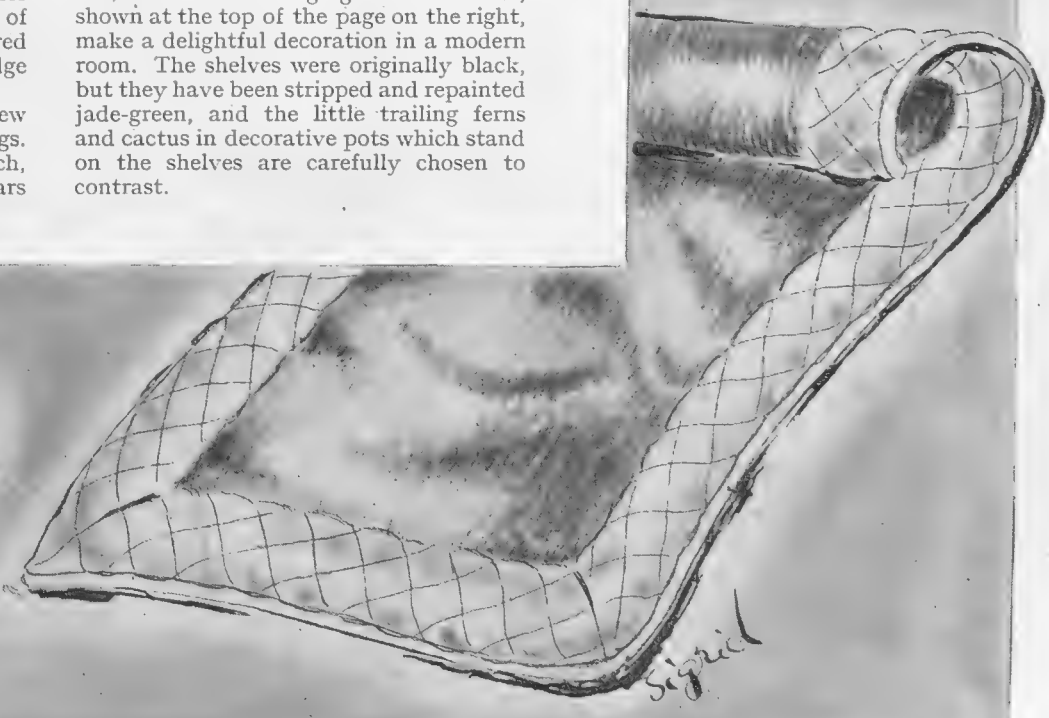
A wide border of quilted furnishing satin or, if you prefer it, of furnishing velveteen, is applied to the edges. The border should be quilted before it is applied to the remainder of the quilt. Quilting is done by laying tailor's wadding between the fabric and a muslin lining, following this with machine-stitching in a lattice design.

Table mats are prominent among the little touches that bring colour and freshness to the home. The sketches show some examples to make at home. At the top, coloured webbing is woven in and out and machine-stitched at the edges to form a mat. In the centre is a plain wood or asbestos mat which you can buy at the sixpenny stores. This has been given two coats of lacquer paint in a bright colour and, on top of this, when dry, a painted flower motif. The third example shows an envelope covering for old mats in coloured crash linen with a flower design in wool or silk in the centre.

The Victorian hanging corner shelves, shown at the top of the page on the right, make a delightful decoration in a modern room. The shelves were originally black, but they have been stripped and repainted jade-green, and the little trailing ferns and cactus in decorative pots which stand on the shelves are carefully chosen to contrast.







On Duty—*and* Off

By Jane Gordon

TEMPERAMENTALLY, women seem to react to war much more violently than men. If there is any intolerance abroad, it is always voiced by the women. For instance, no normal man is ever "white-feather minded"—only women and men who have turned into old women think in that kind of way. War and nursing the sick bring out all the best, and also, all the most disagreeable qualities in women. No woman in the world can be so damnably tough as the bad nurse and no one nicer than a good nurse.

When a woman is frightened day and night for the safety of the man she cares for, then goodness knows she has a right to snap at people and no one minds her being a little unreasonable if it helps to ease her mind. The women who are hard to put up with are those who find in war an excuse to parade their bullying instincts, and women can be terrible bullies at any age. It would add greatly to the comfort of all engaged in war work, if someone like Fougasse would follow on his Careless Talk posters with a series War Etiquette for men and women.

Mrs B. W. Cuthbert, Miss M. E. Oddy and Mrs. J. S. Hicks. Three women officers appointed to headquarters of the Fire Service Department of the Home Office. They will advise on questions relating to the recruitment and appointment of women to the National Fire Service

A.T.S. girls of one unit in the Anti-Aircraft Command have now been quartered in Nissen huts. Here is shown a cheerful interior view of the sergeant's sleeping quarters. Each Nissen hut has hot and cold water laid on

Off Duty

MY husband and myself were on our way to visit a sick friend in hospital, and I had taken the trouble to change out of uniform because it seemed to me that the sight of a visitor in nurse's clothes would be most depressing to a very sick man. In Baker Street we passed two sour-faced women, and as they came abreast of us one remarked in a loud voice for all to hear: "I hate the sight of these girls living in idle luxury."

Charles turned to me. "Did you hear that old trout?" he asked.

"Yes, who was she talking about?"

"You," he grinned.

"She said *girl*. Oh, darling, how lovely to know that I look young and luxurious."

As a matter of fact I was feeling a bit tired and discouraged. It had been a hard day at the hospital, and when I got home the house books were guaranteed to create alarm and despondency even in the heart of a millionaire, the cook informed me that she had been unable to secure any food for our dinner, and the letters which I expected from my mother, who has been ill in America, had not arrived. That one snitchy remark cheered me as nothing else could have done. My 1938 fur coat and the Balanciaga woollen dress of the same vintage suddenly regained their elegance, and I realised that many years of hospital nursing have not been so unkind to my appearance after all.

Had she seen me in uniform, presumably my sour-faced friend would have refrained from making any remark. Nevertheless, it is unwise to label women as slackers simply because they are not wearing uniform. For example, the young women who wear the uniform of our fighting services are contributing very little directly to the war effort compared to the munition workers and factory workers who do not wear uniform. The vast majority of girls in navy blue, Air Force blue and khaki are clerks, telephonists and cooks who could do their work just as efficiently, and at far less expense to the taxpayer, if they wore their ordinary civilian clothes. The work that necessitates uniform is really very limited, and this regimentation of women in no way adds to their efficiency, although it adds greatly to the difficulties of conscription. The amount of effort which has been wasted on producing uniform for women is just one of those things which the taxpayer has to put up with.

On Duty

THE abysmal ignorance of the better-educated older women on the subject of their own bodies has always seemed to me very strange. Your character, as well as the size and shape of your figure, depends to a great extent on your glands of internal secretion, known as the endocrine system, yet it's pounds to pennies that the more money spent on your education the less you are likely to know the names of these glands, where they are situated or how they affect you personally. These glands, which are situated in various parts of the body, have many of the qualities of a large family all living together in one house. There is not one member of this glandular family which is capable of minding its own business. It is enough for one gland to become run down and do less work than normal for other busybody members of the family to try and put matters right by overworking. The result is that not only are health and happiness upset by the gland which is not working but the situation is complicated by the interference of the well-meaning glands which are overworking. Like members of every family some of these glands appear to have a natural antipathy for each other, while others find it comparatively easy to live and work in harmony. These glands are named the thyroid, the pituitary, the ovaries, the parathyroids, the pancreas, the pineal and the thymus.

A woman's physical appearance and her temperamental well-being depend to a very large extent on her thyroid gland. The over-active thyroid will make a woman emotional, irritable and unreasonable. Great unhappiness, fear or prolonged emotional strain often result in over-action of the thyroid and adrenal system, resulting in an exophthalmic goitre. A woman with a lazy thyroid is placid in temperament, slow in the uptake and often inclined to be very much overweight. Her hair is dry and coarse and very sparse and her skin very dry. With proper medical treatment her weight will return to normal and she will become much more lively and energetic.

The most important member of the endocrine family is probably the pituitary gland, and this little gland is involved with the workings of all the others. As a woman reaches middle age the pituitary and the thyroid glands often work overtime to make up for other glands which are working less. The overwork of these two glands can be blamed for unpleasant symptoms, such as flushing, perspiration, dizziness and palpitation. The over-active pituitary has also been blamed for those frightful migraine headaches which the older woman sometimes gets. (Continued on page 56)

W.A.A.F. recruits are being trained for aircraft maintenance and here is a flight mechanic at work on the engine of a fighter plane

SUBSTITUTES

Every day of war brings a fresh shortage of something. It may be food, it may be some article of household equipment. Substitutes are in all our minds and the suggestions which follow are made to convince you that when one thing is short another will often do

THE TOILET

Skin Cleanser. ½ ounce of borax, 1 drachm of tincture of benzoin, 4 ounces of triple extract of orange-flower water. Mix all together in a bottle and use on cotton wool to clean off dirt and make-up.

Hair Curlers. Your favourite hair curlers are hard to come by, but you can still have curls with the help of flexible pipe cleaners. Roll the hair in them just as you do with curlers and turn each end under.

Home-Made Shampoo. If you have been wise enough to store some tins of green soft soap, mix half proportions of the soap and methylated spirit. Shake well together in a bottle. Use in the ordinary way. Another good shampoo is made from shredded pieces of toilet soap whipped into a pint of hot water in which a bran bag has been soaked. Add a very little eau de Cologne to give a perfume.

Lipstick Ends. Look out all your old lipsticks. Dig out the residue from the containers and put them into a cup. Add a drop or two of almond oil and stand the cup in a saucepan of boiling water until the salve is sufficiently melted to mix well together. Stir well. Turn out into a small container. Apply with the finger tip, first shaping the mouth with a lipstick pencil.

THE HOUSEHOLD

Substitute for Soap Flakes. Make a soap jelly from all the tiny left-over pieces of household soap. Put these into hot water and boil until dissolved. When this is cold, it will form a jelly. Use a little of the jelly and a small amount of ammonia for all tasks for which you would normally use soap flakes. *Soap Flakes.*—For general washing-up purposes, put ends of household soap into a tin into which you have first bored some holes at the bottom. Swish the tin about in the hot water before washing dishes.

For washing woollens make a soap jelly by putting ends of toilet soap into a small quantity of hot water and bringing the mixture to the boil. This when cold will form a jelly which can be dissolved together with a tablespoonful of ammonia in the water in which the woollens are washed.

Stove Polish. Polish for the grate is steadily getting harder to procure. You can mix your own substitute with two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, one tablespoonful of sweet oil and sufficient emery powder to form a cream. Apply as you would the professional mixture.

Starch. Starch may be very short at any time now. Try mixing flour to a very thin paste and thickening with boiling water in the same way as starch. A very good substitute.

Firelighter. In case you are stuck without firewood keep a lump of coal soaking in a jar of paraffin. Place this in the centre of the grate when laying the fire. It will burn steadily for quite a while and ignite the coal around it. The lump must soak in the paraffin for at least twenty-four hours. When you take one piece out put another piece in.

FOOD

Instead of Milk. Soak some oatmeal overnight in water. In the morning, strain off the liquid and use it instead of milk to make rice, tapioca or semolina pudding. The result is surprisingly good.

Food for Dogs. A splendid substitute for dog biscuit can be made at home as follows: Mix some oatmeal, dried breadcrumbs, the rinds of your bacon and cheese rations cut small. Wash out empty Bovril bottles with hot water or dissolve an Oxo cube in hot water and mix all to a very stiff paste. Bake hard in a moderate oven.

Egg Shortage. When you have only one egg for breakfast and several people to serve try this: Cut the crust off some small pieces of bread. Mix the egg with a small amount of milk and some seasoning. Soak the bread in the egg mixture and then fry in the bacon fat as you would an omelette.

HOME LESSONS IN DRESSMAKING

You have wished a thousand times in the past that you could make your own clothes. Those tantalising women who dress for a song and dress well by virtue of their own ability to sew have always been a source of envy and, in a small way, of reproach to many of us.

You may even have had tentative plans for learning to make your own clothes, but always there is the question "How and where can I learn?" Now that question has been solved.

The Royal School of Needlework, which is the national training centre in this country for all branches of needlework, has recognised the increasing need for women to learn to make their own clothes as well as to remodel the ones they have. With this in view all the experts in every branch of sewing at the school have collaborated to produce a series of correspondence lessons on twelve vital sewing subjects. These lessons are produced in the form of booklets, each most profusely illustrated and showing, in the greatest possible detail, every step in the progress to perfection either in cutting and making women's and children's clothes, in refashioning old clothes into new, in darning, patching and general repairing and in all kinds of embroidery and decorative sewing.

An important feature of this series of lessons is this: women are invited to take the lessons individually in their own homes or to form themselves into study groups of not less than twenty. This group system is designed for the special convenience of serving women, working-parties and private groups of people who feel that learning may be facilitated by working together.

Where there is a group of twenty or more associate members, the school will send a lecturer-demonstrator twice every year to any town in the country to give personal help to the members. The visit can extend over two or three days and will be given freely in exchange for hospitality and the payment of travelling expenses.

The cost for the complete course of twelve lessons to a group is covered by a yearly subscription of five guineas.

Individually, you may become an associate member for one guinea a year, which covers a series of six correspondence lessons or of three correspondence lessons for a half-yearly payment of 12s. 6d. The fee includes suggestions and practical criticism of work forwarded to the school.

Study groups of less than twenty members can be arranged but the fee will be adapted proportionately.

ACIDITY

An acid person is everybody's idea of what not to be. Of course, you think of the acid person as the girl with the sharp tongue. That's one interpretation of the term. The other one is just as serious. It implies a physical condition which anybody can suffer from without knowing it. You may even have it yourself.

When I say that you may not know you are an acid person I must qualify it. You would know that there was something wrong with you, but you wouldn't know what. All that you would be aware of, perhaps, is that your hair was losing colour, even turning grey. That your complexion was blotchy with wide-open pores. You might develop teeth trouble, slow and insidious, but trouble. You could be troubled with dry cuticles, rheumatic pains, vague symptoms of debility. Nothing very tangible, but anyway sufficient to keep you always feeling under par.

That tells you briefly what hyper-acidity may do to you. The human system is constituted of certain minerals. These are divided under the headings acids and alkalis. In ideal conditions, these components are perfectly balanced, but when something goes wrong with the works, it frequently happens that there is a preponderance of one of them. If acid gets the upper hand—and it frequently does—then you are in for some of the troubles already named.

Medical science has come a long way in its investigations on the subject of why some people have too much acid in their bodies and others have not enough. We know, for instance, that an improper function of the glandular system is to blame, but so far it has only been possible to alleviate the trouble, not to cure it.

The first step towards the alleviation of hyper-acidity is by way of diet. To eat those things which are known to neutralise the acid in the system and not to eat those things which encourage it.

The second step is to pep up by every possible means the circulatory and respiratory systems which are responsible for keeping your inside clean and free from the possibility of deposits.

If you are an acid person you can quite happily resign yourself to wartime rationing, because it suits you. Hyper-acidity calls for a drastic reduction in the quantity of meat eaten. It calls for a nourishing, but simple diet, with plenty of vegetables and as little as possible of those rich and fatty foods which, much as you love them, impose a strain upon the digestive system and frequently lead to a sluggishness in that quarter, which, in its turn, is an encouragement to acidity.

Milk and apples, when you can get enough of them, are useful allies in the struggle against acidity, because they are rich in calcium, and calcium is the enemy of acid.

A good circulation will banish much of the ill-effects of over-acidity. Every single function of the body is invigorated by a strongly-sweeping, healthy flow of blood through the system. Acid deposits, no matter where they may lurk, are swept away.

In this way a strong circulation is rather like a policeman who keeps the loiterer moving. Exercises every morning of your life—vigorous, stimulating exercises—combined with deep breathing, are the finest weapon against acidity, because they encourage a healthy circulation.

You will need all your will-power to do these exercises, to go out into the fresh air walking, cycling, digging the garden, when every impulse in you is screaming to sit indoors, but this is the real battle between you and acidity. It is the battle for good health and good looks, because acid people are old and faded before their time, unless they will it otherwise.

Drink copiously of cold water if you suspect yourself of acidity. Drink at least two quarts of water a day. If you can't bear cold water, just take the chill off. That way you can drink pints at a time without feeling it.

Regular bowel action is another essential point to watch. Take every precaution to ensure that there are no lurking places for (Continued on p. 56)

EXIT LINES

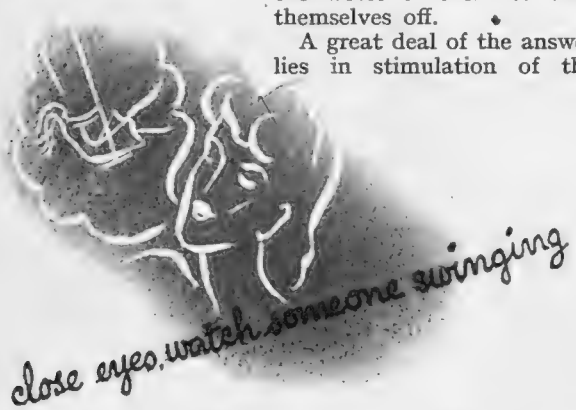
By Chrysis

Every beauty writer is depressingly familiar with letters which run : " Please tell me a quick way to get rid of lines on my face."

Alas, we don't know the answer. If we did, we shouldn't be beauty writers. We should have retired with a million pounds, and a monument raised to our fame by a grateful sex.

There is no magic preparation which can be rubbed into the skin, and, hey presto ! no more traces of age. The most we can do is to tell you how to prevent lines from settling in, and how to coax the worst of them to take themselves off.

A great deal of the answer lies in stimulation of the

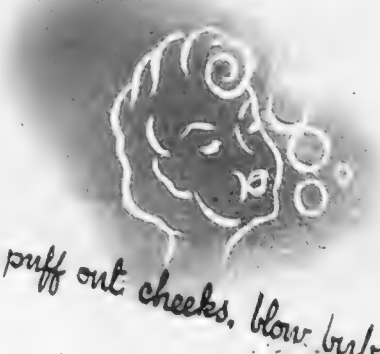


close eyes, watch someone swinging

skin and muscles, through exercise and massage. Just as the body can be persuaded to keep young by exercise, so can the skin. Creams help, too, but in these days when they are so scarce it is a comfort to know that they are by no means indispensable. With enough will-power to exercise your face the right way, and to refrain from working it the wrong way, you can do more than you ever dreamed possible to keep lines away, even though one pot of skin food must do the work of six.

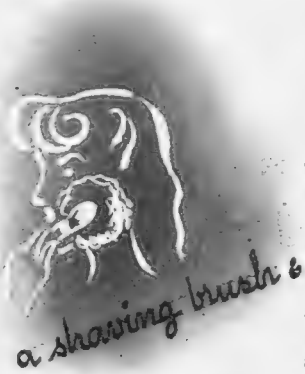
Let 's start at the top of your face and work downwards. Tram-lines on the forehead, parenthesis between the eyes, are hideous lines, and you cannot even get away with them by saying they show character. They do show character, but at its worst. You make these lines for yourself by grimacing when you talk, by wrinkling up your forehead, by scowling and frowning anxiously. You may have plenty to worry about these days, but please, please, try not to let your worries tense up your forehead. This is one case where it is entirely up to you whether you have lines or not.

When we come to lines round the eyes, it is a different matter. If your face is alive, with expression and character, you will have laughter lines round your eyes, and some underneath, too. Unless these are very bad, you would be foolish to worry about them. But what about those deep-scored lines that come from strained eyes ? They have no charm. Guard against them by seeing that you never read or work in a bad light, by wearing glasses if you need them, and by doing a few simple eye exercises every day.



puff out cheeks, blow bubbles

Close your eyes, and *imagine* you are watching someone on a swing or the ball at a tennis match. Swing your eyes from side to side. This exercises and strengthens them. So does altering the focus. Look out of a window, at a far-distant object ; then at your finger, held close to your eyes. Repeat half-a-dozen times.



a shaving brush & cream

Deep lines on the cheeks, and from nose to mouth, are often self-induced. I know a young woman whose skin was smooth, with firm muscles to support it. She had every chance, in fact, of staying unlined until she was fifty. But she perpetually sits with one cheek supported on one hand, pushing the flesh up so that three deep lines have scored themselves on her cheek. It 's a common trick—are you sure you haven't developed it ?

Nose-to-mouth lines dig themselves in if you have a few back teeth removed, and can't bring yourself to wear a plate. The whole contour of the face sags, and every kind of trouble starts.

They breed, too, on a discontented face where the mouth wears a hang-dog droop. Will-power will do a good job of face-lifting in a case like this. So will blowing imaginary bubbles. You know the way. When you have a moment to yourself, you puff out your cheeks and blow, rounding your lips and distending the cheeks.

Another good movement for preventing sagging cheek muscles is to pinch your cheeks hard with the back of the index and middle fingers of each hand. With the fingers pointing to your nose, nip up the flesh of the cheeks and knead your way outwards. This tones up the muscles which support the structure of the cheeks.

Lines round the mouth respond to the " huff-puff " method, also to stimulation of the blood circulation. I think you will agree that men are, on the whole, less lined than women, and one reason is that they increase the flow of blood to the surface of the skin by their daily shaving routine. There 's no reason why you should not do the same, using a shaving brush and soap and water, or even cream if you insist. Work round and round at the corners of the mouth ; upwards and outwards on the cheeks.

shrug shoulders round & roun

Now for that bugbear, the double chin. There 's nothing more ageing than a thickened line (Continued on p. 56)

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me at Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

WHEN THE SHADOW OF YOUR SERVICE SELF FADES FROM THE PICTURE, AND YOU BECOME A TEMPORARY CIVILIAN, YOUR INTEREST IS IN CLOTHES THAT ARE FEMININE, DURABLE, CURRENT, YET UNDATABLE. THE CLOTHES FEATURED ON THESE PAGES THIS MONTH EMBODY ALL THESE POINTS, AND ARE ALL FINE CHEQUE-BOOK AND COUPON VALUE.

1

2

3

4

DRESS:

By Jean Burnup

Editor Women's Department

1. A must-have . . . the little woollen frock. This one is subtly cut in cinnamon brown, with unusual drapes animating the bodice, wide pleats on the skirt. £8 8 0.

2. This suit will earn its keep. Superbly man-tailored in grey suiting, with a slight blue and red stripe, it gets extra attention by its unusual button placing, its handsome revers, double-flap pockets, and the bias use of the stripes. 11½ guineas.

3. One look tells you this is a thoroughbred coat. The second look takes in the wide bell sleeves—they are new and praise the hands—the high slant pockets, the pretty fit at waist. In several good colours, including ice-blue and red. £15 8 6.

4. This dress will take almost any amount of flattery. It is young, elegant, with long flowing lines, a twisted draped neckline and irridescent beads lighting the yoke and belt. In blotting-paper-pink crepe romaine. 14½ guineas.

5. If you have a neck to show, this is the dress to show it in. Shell-pink crepe, cut on princess lines, with gathering placed to the best figure advantage, gold embroidery trims. 10 guineas.

6. Your best friend—the little black dress, shaped like a two-piecer, with three-quarter bell sleeves, the bodice dramatically splashed with gold-embroidered motifs. 8 guineas.

7. A coat for a choosey woman who seeks the goods in line, stuff, detail. It is a Windsmoor model, in navy camel and wool, or other colours. 9 guineas.

8. More Englishwomen express themselves better in a tweed suit than in any other outfit in the world. This one, large dog's-tooth check in yellow/brown, blue/green and other colours, is finely tailored. High revers, patch pockets, pleated skirt, and an easy fit, keep it young. 12½ guineas.

Kiss the Girls Good-bye

Most women will admit, I think, that conscription for national service came as a great relief. In a time of doubt and anxiety we welcome any constructive measure which takes the law out of our own hands and puts the onus of decision upon someone else.

Women have had some difficult decisions to make in this war. General anxiety has been inflated by the need to break away from tradition, to give up a way of life which we have been trained to regard as the only right one. In this women have shown superb adaptability, but there are powerful influences which have added considerably to the difficulties of their decision to serve which, even now, have power to deter them. Outstanding among these has been timid parents and disapproving men folk.

In the end, women are more susceptible to personal influences than to extraneous ones. In this war they have shown an undreamed-of capacity for turning the tables upon tradition. In a hundred ways they have shown themselves disdainful of convention, but there is one convention that can never change: it is the convention of love.

It is one thing for a woman to give up a mode of life, to accept new responsibilities, to stand four-square before the threat of physical hardship. In this sense, few women have shown themselves afraid. But ask a woman to flout the wishes of her family, above all to court the disapproval of the man she loves, and you have a different story.

With war Service sometimes opposition takes the form of outright obstruction, sometimes the line of insinuation. Parents claim that they must not be left; husbands and sweethearts claim their right to do the serving. Each claims their right to come first. It is hard on the girl who is asked on top of other sacrifices to sacrifice the ties of affection.

We all understand and sympathise with the anxiety of parents who are asked to send a girl out from the shelter and protection of a good home into the rough and tumble of Service life. Nobody disputes the propriety of their views. What is at issue is their right to enforce them to their logical conclusion.

Possibly half the dangers that mothers visualise for their daughters are unfounded. We exaggerate the dangers of exchanging a soft civilian life for a life of Service discipline. Comfort (and I mean comfort as opposed to real physical hardship) is an ideal, but it is not an essential. That is one of the lessons this war has given us.

In any case what are these hardships which mothers fear?

At the best they are hard work, early rising, a curtailment of freedom, a possible temporary sacrifice of individuality and the cosseting which mothers love to give. At the worst it is exposure to physical danger and to those moral temptations which, however we may pretend, must be met some time, somewhere, by every woman whose lot it is to earn her living, to move freely and responsibly among her fellow beings.

The great reality which older people have to face is the fact that the world has changed. This is a new world. We are forced to live in it, and no service can be rendered to the young by denying them the opportunity to learn its ways, to face its dangers and to combat them. We can use ourselves as a screen between our loved ones and the realities we so much fear. But not for ever. We render them a greater service by preparing them for contact with life. With us or without us they will meet it in the end.

So much for what a girl may lose by leaving her home, but what will she gain?

In the first place, *self-reliance*. That is a splendid thing for any human being to possess. *Experience and poise*. This will add inexpressibly to her attractiveness as a woman and to her happiness as an individual. *Health*. Take a look at the glowing, rosy young women who are wearing uniform to-day. Their reward for the sacrifice of soft living is good health that is a joy to see. *Personal relations*. These may be good and bad. The good ones speak for themselves; the bad ones will influence according to temperament, good sense and training. If, as a parent, you have done your job well, then you may expect your daughter to do hers likewise. Her danger may be real; let her meet it secure in the knowledge of your faith and co-operation.

We must have more faith. Men must learn to give it freely to their women. Primitive instincts are still powerful. The male animal still looks with fear and distrust upon freedom for woman.

It is a one-sided convention which argues that men alone can be trusted with freedom. It is a convention that has been laid down in the interests of men by men. Women have accepted it as they have accepted inequality throughout the ages. It is a convention which belongs to the past when men still had the means to keep women free from danger. The means have gone and men must face the fact that the right goes with it.

More education, more responsibility, more and more enlightenment have proved that the only proper basis of understanding between the sexes is shared experience, shared danger and shared faith.

Women bear a dual responsibility in this war. They bear with men the responsibilities of the community. They also bear the responsibility of proving themselves worthy of the new freedom which a changing world has conferred upon them. No man who respects the traditions of womanhood can doubt women's ultimate ability to meet the challenge.

Winifred Lewis

SALVE IT

Things which are too often repeated become boring. Think of good jokes.

Well, you have heard so much about paper salvage in the last few months that you might quite likely be bored. Nevertheless, it is our intention to nag you still more about salvaging every possible scrap of paper that passes through your hands. For every scrap counts, and counts vitally.

Think of this. Perhaps the man you want at your side more than anybody in the world at this moment is dependent on your help. He may one day be standing behind a tank or gun or operating the cannon of an aircraft that won't answer back at the enemy, not because there are no shells, but because there are no shell cartons.

Shell cartons seem pretty unimportant perhaps, but shells have to have cartons. It's not just that the munitions people like to tie them up pretty, but they do like them safe. They like them protected and they like every single shell to reach the men behind the guns as it was sent out from the factory—perfect.

So shells have to have cartons, and the paper for those cartons has got to be found. Some of it by you.

Besides these vital shell cartons, the paper you save goes back into pulp and reappears later as gun fuses; as interior components for mines; as dust covers for aircraft engines which have, at all cost, to be kept clean; as cut-out targets for firing practice, and as washers for every kind of mechanism that needs washers. One ton of waste paper makes 140,000 washers. If you have medals at arithmetic, see how many washers one pound can make. And it wouldn't take long to salvage a few pounds. Think of the weight of some of those old magazines that are cluttering up your shelves.

Paper-saving isn't a new sort of parlour game. It is a grim and vital objective. It is a realistic contribution to the efficiency of our fighting forces. Remember that the next time you drop your bus ticket on the pavement instead of putting it in the salvage box provided.

Turn out your old Magazines

Waste Paper is a Munition of War

Carry your salvage campaign beyond the obvious measures of not using the whole morning paper to light the fire with and not burning all your old receipts and papers. If you must light the fire with paper, use only the very dirtiest and greasiest paper around the house. If you live in the country go out and collect fir cones. Dry them for kindling instead of paper. Wood shavings are just as good if you can find a timber yard.

You don't have to line cupboards and drawers with paper. Keep them well scrubbed instead. Hold on to every single paper bag that comes from the tradesmen, and by removing the food immediately keep it in sound condition for return to the shop. Stop using face tissues and keep little huckaback towels for cleaning off make-up. Stop laying sheets of newspaper down after you have washed over the kitchen floor.

Don't overlook the old books, the old files, the old love-letters you thought you wanted to keep always. Bring them out for salvage.

Curb your letter-writing impulses. Keep correspondence down to essentials and instead of writing all the local scandal to Cousin Emma in Devonshire, tell her on a postcard that you are well and chalk up another shell carton to your credit. If you must write letters, use every inch of paper. Write smaller. My maiden Aunt was born before her time. She used to write all down the page and then write across it at right angles. There was no paper shortage then, but Auntie had a bee in her bonnet about waste. We could use the same sort of hat ornament to-day.

Stick economy labels over old envelopes and don't let any remnants of pre-war pride trip you up about this, either. Some people think that a war economy label on an envelope is as good as a family crest.

Corral your odd pieces of waste paper by hanging up a bag or an old pillow-case in the kitchen. Put every scrap into it.

Put every Scrap into a Pillow-case

Reduce your Letter-writing

Trimmed with Velvet Bands

GARTER STITCH FRONT, RIBBED BACK

MATERIALS

4 ozs. Copley Smith's 2-ply Excelsior wool; No. 9 needles, press studs; 1¾ yds. velvet ribbon.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.; sleeve seam, 4 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 11 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 104 sts. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 4 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every 4th row after until there are 136 sts. Work a few rows straight to make side seams 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of every row 10 times, leaving 34 sts. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 82 sts. Work as front with first 22 sts. in rib, then 16 purl, centre 6 in k. 2, p. 2 rib, p. 16, k. 2, p. 2 rib to end.

2nd row.—(P. 2, k. 2) for 22 sts. K. 16, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 16 (p. 2, k. 2) to end of row. Work the extra rows as front from 3rd row. At same time, m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until side seam is 4 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 46 sts. Cast off.

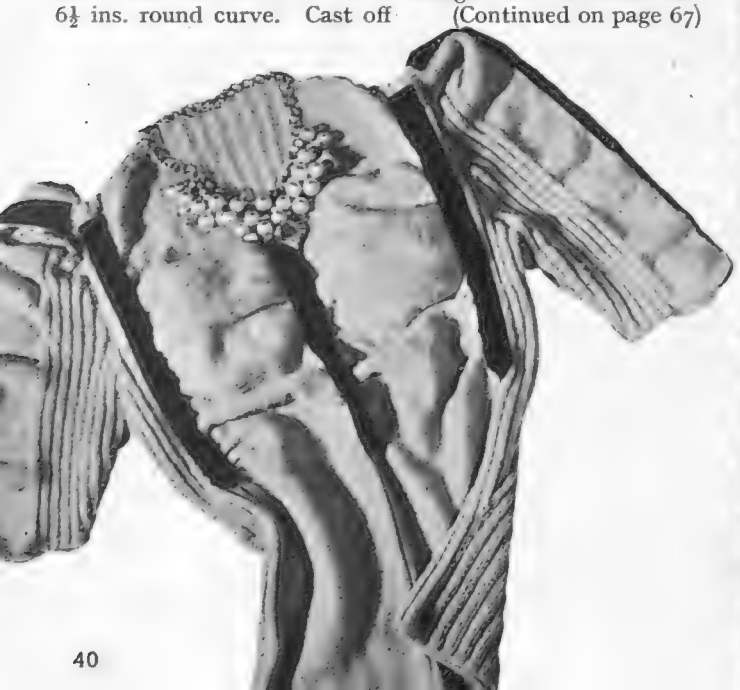
THE FRONT

Cast on 102 sts. Work as follows:

1st row.—* K. 2, p. 2; repeat from * until there are 10 sts. on right needle; p. 38, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 38; * k. 2, p. 2; repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row.—*P. 2, k. 2; repeat from * until there are 10 sts. on right needle. K. 38, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 38; * p. 2, k. 2; repeat from * to end of row. Repeat these 2 rows until there are 4 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every 4th row after until there are 8 ins. from beg. Now work gathers as follows:

1st row.—(With p. side of stocking st. panels facing) work up to centre rib st. Do not work them, turn and k. back 38. Turn, p. 38 and work centre st. as usual, p. 38. Turn k. 38. Turn, p. 38, rib to end as usual. You are thus working 2 extra rows on the stocking st. panels. Work 3 rows as usual, without the extra rows. Now work the gather row. Repeat these 4 rows and continue side seam increasings until there are 134 sts. Work without increasing (continuing gathers) until there are 13 ins. along side seam. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 102 sts. Work straight until armholes are 6½ ins. round curve. Cast off (Continued on page 67)



Divided Cables

CLEVER DETAIL IN A SLIMMING SWEATER

MATERIALS

9 ozs. La Laine 3-ply; No. 9 and 11 needles; buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 19 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 11 needles, cast on 104 sts. Work the following rib: **1st row.**—* K. 2, p. 4; repeat from * to end, ending k. 2. **2nd row.**—(wrong side of work) * P. 2, k. 4; repeat from * to end of row, ending p. 2. Repeat these 2 rows for 5 ins.

Change to No. 9 needles and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 136 sts. Work a few rows to make side seams 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 sts. Work straight until armholes measure 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows, leaving 34 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Cast on 102 sts. with No. 9 needles. Work as follows: **1st row.**—* K. 2, p. 4; repeat from * until there are 36 sts. on right needle, then * k. 2, p. 2; repeat from * 6 more times then p. 2; now * p. 4, k. 2; repeat from * to end of row, ending k. 2. **2nd row.**—K. the p. sts. and p. the k. sts. of previous row, as in stocking st. so that the outside 36 sts. are in rib as back and the centre 30 are in k. 2, p. 2 rib. Continue until there are 14 rows worked. Now twist the rib at 2 places at centre as follows:

15th row.—Work 36 sts. as usual. Now s. next 7 sts. on to spare needle and hold (Continued on page 67)

ABBREVIATIONS

K.=knit; p.=purl; m.=make; s.=slip; st.=stitch or stitches; tog.=together; beg.=beginning.

KEEPING HOUSE

has a new significance in wartime. It implies the need to keep the house up to its old high standard of comfort and beauty with only half the means with which to do so. You will need your wits about you and every kind of knowledge at your finger tips to keep abreast of housekeeping things in the days to come. Here are some practical hints which apply to maintenance for every part of the house.

Exterior

TO protect outside pipes which are so apt to get clogged with ice in mid-winter wrap the joints and the U-bends of the most exposed pipes in hair felt. Cover this with a layer of sacking and bind securely. You will be glad you took this trouble when the February freeze sets in, and neighbours moan their woes!

THE visits of the window cleaner grow less and less. Many of us are doing our own window chores. If you do yours, use warm water and ammonia for glass which has been heavily spattered by rain or snow. For not so dirty windows use just plain methylated spirit on a soft cloth. This is a rapid cleaner and imparts a brilliant gloss without much trouble.

FUMBLING for the keyhole in the blackout, stumbling over dark steps, searching for the gatepost when you are driving in the car can all be banished by the use of a new luminous paint. This paint (made by British Luminous Industries Ltd.) absorbs and stores energy when exposed to light and re-emits this energy in the form of light when it is dark. The paint may safely be used out of doors in the blackout, as it is invisible from any distance from which it might be seen by aircraft.

Kitchen

TO keep scrubbed kitchen tables and draining boards white without effort; to bleach stained tiles, enamel saucepans and very soiled dish towels there is an excellent powdered bleaching agent. It is called Parazone and can be bought at most hardware stores.

GAS ovens and ranges which seem to be losing heat are probably corroded with grease. Jets and oven walls may be filmed with grease even though they look clean. Remove the jets and soak in strong, hot soda water. Paint the sides of the oven with Kleenoff and leave overnight before washing off.

BURNT saucepans. Fill with salt and water and leave until next day. Bring the contents slowly to the boil and then scour.

Bathroom

AS a precaution against freezing of cold water storage tanks a covering of hair felt is an excellent thing. For more permanent use a plywood casing is advisable and can be made at home. If the space between the casing and the tank is filled with sand the protection is complete. Wrap lead-in pipes in canvas with particular attention to joint bends.

BURST pipes. Turn off the water at the main. For temporary repair fill the burst with a mixture of yellow soap and whitening bound together with a little water. Wrap the pipes tightly with strong fabric and bind until the plumber arrives.

BLOCKED pipes. If any outlet pipe is blocked with grease, force a mixture of soda and salt down the drain. Half an hour later flush the pipe with boiling water and follow it with warm. For frozen pipes use salt and boiling water together in the same way.

WHEN the hardness of the water causes a greasy ring round the bath rub round with a cloth slightly moistened with paraffin and salt. Scour with cleaning powder and water to remove the grease and flush well with water from the hot tap.

Bedroom

WHEN blankets have to be cleaned, dissolve two large tablespoonfuls of borax in a pint of soft water. Add this to the warm, soapy water in which the blankets are to be washed. Soak for a time, squeezing gently all over. Rinse thoroughly, but do not wring. Squeeze dry and shake repeatedly to restore the fluffiness. Dry as rapidly as possible in a good current of air.

TO prevent a wire mattress from rusting, go over it occasionally with a stiff hair brush. Afterwards wipe all over with vaseline. Remove surplus grease with a clean cloth and lay a dust sheet between the spring and the mattress.

WASH wicker bedroom chairs in the open air with warm, soapy water to which a little ammonia has been added. Rinse well, and if the wicker shows any signs of grease stain, remove with a little methylated spirit. Leave the chairs in the sunshine to dry thoroughly.

Sitting Room

CLEAN oak furniture with a little warm beer. When dry, polish with furniture cream. For mahogany, use vinegar and water as a cleanser or, if vinegar is short, cold tea.

Leather chairs which are very dirty can be washed lightly with tepid water and soap. Dry and polish over with a little linseed oil diluted with vinegar.

WASH picture frames with turpentine. If there are any chipped corners, repair them with a paste made from powdered whitening and liquid glue. Spread a little glue on the chipped portion and apply the paste to fill the hole. Leave for a day and then mould to the correct shape with sandpaper. Repaint the whole surface of the frame with gold paint.

All Served Up On A

By Harriet Muir

The recipes for this month can each be dished up conveniently on one plate. This is a great economy in woman-power, as well as in washing-up water

SAVOURY BEANS

½ lb. (or more) fat bacon rashers, thinly cut;
2 small or 1 large firm cabbage;
2 cooking apples;
1 lb. potatoes;
1 teacupful brown gravy;
Pepper and salt;
1 teaspoon chopped sage; (optional).

Remove outside leaves of cabbage, which can go into the "Sea Pie" below. Wash cabbage thoroughly and cut it across in slices about an inch thick. Remove core from apples, not peel, and slice them. Peel and slice potatoes.

Grease a casserole and fill with alternate layers of potato, cabbage, bacon and apple, scattering a little pepper on each layer. Add salt too, unless the bacon is salty, in which case no salt is needed. Pour gravy over, put on the lid of the casserole and cook in a slow oven for about two hours.

SEA PIE

1 lb. mince;
Outside leaves of cabbage;
2-3 sticks celery;
3 potatoes;
3 carrots;
1 turnip or piece of swede;
1 large leek;
Salt and pepper;
Stock or vegetable water.

For Pastry: 6 oz. flour; 2 oz. fat; Water to mix.

Make pastry by mixing flour with a little salt and rubbing in fat, adding water till of a soft doughy consistency

Chop leek into one-inch pieces (including green part). Shred cabbage finely; peel and cut up the potatoes, carrots, turnip; chop celery. Put vegetables and mince in a big casserole or stewpan; add salt, pepper and stock—enough almost to cover. Bring to the boil and simmer gently a few minutes. Roll the pastry to a circle the size of the casserole or saucepan lid and put this on top of the stew. Now put on the lid and continue simmering for about three-quarters of an hour. Cut pastry into portions and place round vegetables and meat in serving dish.

FISH RAGOÛT

1½ lb. fresh salt cod (ready soaked);
3 carrots;
2 artichokes;
4 to 6 potatoes;
1 bayleaf;
1 pint milk and water;
Salt and pepper.

Wash, peel and slice the vegetables. Put them in a casserole with the fish, flaked. Have liquor hot, and pour over, adding salt and pepper and bayleaf. Put on lid, and simmer for about an hour. Take out bayleaf before serving.

LENTIL ROAST

1 lb. lentils;
1 lb. leeks;
6 oz. breadcrumbs;
½ lb. mashed potatoes;
Salt and pepper;
Chopped parsley;
Worcester sauce.

Soak lentils; wash and chop leeks. Put all in a jar, put jar in a pan of water, bring to the boil and cook till soft. When ready, mix with breadcrumbs and potatoes. Season with salt, pepper and a dash of Worcester sauce. Scatter parsley over and mix well together. Put in a greased pie dish and bake in a moderate oven until brown on top (about thirty minutes). Serve with brown gravy.

BROCCOLI BAKE

1 lb. purple-sprouting broccoli;
1 lb. potatoes;
Dried breadcrumbs;
Margarine or cooking fat;
Salt, pepper, nutmeg;
Grated cheese.

Peel potatoes, boil them, drain, add a little margarine; mash. Meanwhile, cook the broccoli in boiling salted water (about fifteen minutes).

Drain, mash with a fork, adding pepper and, if it can be spared, a little margarine.

Grease a pie dish. Make a layer of the mashed broccoli, sprinkle with salt, pepper and nutmeg, grated. Next put a layer of potato, adding seasoning as before. Repeat the layers, and top with breadcrumbs mixed with grated cheese. Put into a moderately hot oven until brown.

LIVER WITH CELERIAC PURÉE

¾ lb. liver;
1 good-sized celeriac root;
4 potatoes;
Milk;
1 oz. margarine;
Cooking fat;
Salt and pepper;
Parsley—or chervil.

Here is a new way of using that big ugly-looking, clean-tasting root called celeriac, which you see occasionally at the greengrocer's.

Peel it, slice and cook in salted water in a lidded pan, starting from cold (about three-quarters of an hour).

Plate

Boil potatoes in jackets. When soft, drain both vegetables well. Skin the potatoes and mash both together with a little milk and margarine. Add a good dash of pepper (preferably from a pepper-mill) and salt. Heat thoroughly.

Meanwhile, you will have hotted up the cooking fat and fried liver gently in it, being careful not to overcook.

Make a pile of the celeriac purée in a hot dish, arrange liver on the purée, pour gravy over and sprinkle with a little chopped parsley or chervil.

RABBIT STEW

1 small rabbit;
Bacon rinds and a little fat bacon;
2 large carrots;
3 or 4 potatoes;
4 sticks celery;
1 cup water or vegetable water;
1 tablespoonful flour;
Salt and pepper;
A few mushrooms (optional);
Chopped parsley.

Chop bacon rinds and fat bacon, and frizzle in a stewpan. Add celery, chopped, and fry a little. Joint the rabbit and add the pieces; season with salt and pepper, and turn until nicely browned. Sprinkle with flour and let it take colour. Have water hot, and add it, off the fire; stir stew well until it thickens. Add cubed potatoes and carrots, and mushrooms (peeled). Cover, and cook slowly for about one and half hours. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

SAUSAGE-MEAT PANCAKES

3 oz. sausage meat;
2 large potatoes;
Flour, salt and pepper;
1 tablespoonful fat;
1 teaspoonful chopped parsley;
Little stock or vegetable water.

Peel the potatoes and grate them into a mixing bowl. Add sufficient flour to make a batter, putting in salt and pepper. Stir well. Mix sausage meat with parsley and heat it in a little stock. Make fat very hot in a frying pan and drop batter into it. Cook on both sides till brown. Put hot meat in centre, roll over and serve.

BAKED BEAN SAVOURY

½ lb. haricot or other dried beans (lentils can be used);
2 oz. macaroni (or substitute rice);
1 onion or leek;
1 apple;
Stale bread;
End of cheese;
3 carrots;
½ teaspoonful dried herbs;
Little fat;
Salt and pepper;
½ pint parsley sauce.

Soak beans overnight, and cook slowly in boiling water (about one and half hours). About twenty minutes before the beans are cooked, add the macaroni, and cook until it is soft and the water is absorbed. Skin and slice onion and apple, peel and grate carrot and mix all together with herbs and seasoning. Melt fat in baking tin or pie dish, and put in the vegetables, macaroni and beans. Cover with sauce. Sprinkle with grated stale bread and grated cheese and bake for thirty minutes.

KIDNEY PIGLETS

4 big potatoes;
Salt and pepper;
4 lambs' kidneys;
Watercress.

Lay each potato lengthwise and on the upper side cut a hole that will hold a small kidney, keeping the cut-out piece as a lid. Put a lamb's kidney (leaving a little fat on it) in each cavity, add salt and pepper, and put on the lid. Tie up with string and bake in the oven very slowly until potato is cooked. Remove string, and serve surrounded with watercress sprigs.

This recipe will madden those who cannot get kidneys; the lucky ones who can will find it worth the effort of serving this choice and rare offal.

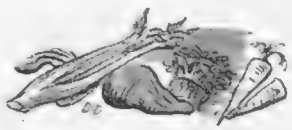
FISH ROLL

¼ lb. fresh salt cod (soaked);
6 oz. grated raw carrot or swede;
1 tablespoonful brown gravy;
Chopped onion (optional);
1 teaspoonful vinegar;
Pepper.

For Paste: 8 oz. self-raising flour; 2 oz. grated raw potato; 2 oz. chopped suet.

Mix flour, suet and potato, adding enough water to make a firm dough. Cut fish in cubes, and mix with carrot, gravy and vinegar. Roll out paste, spread fish mixture on it, add pepper and onion. Roll up, wrap in a pudding cloth and steam for one and a quarter to one and a half hours.

FEBRUARY SALADS



BATAVIAN SALAD

1 Batavian endive;
1 shallot (if obtainable);
Heart of celery;
French dressing;
1 tablespoonful chopped parsley or chervil.

Wash endive thoroughly in several waters and dry in a cloth. Chop shallot and celery finely and put in the salad bowl. Scatter parsley over. Make French dressing (if you have no olive oil you will be well advised to reverse the usual proportions and use 2 tablespoons vinegar to 1 of salad oil. A little sugar in the dressing is an improvement). Mix salad thoroughly just before serving.

RAW VEGETABLE SALAD

4 teacups cold cooked rice;
2 raw carrots, grated;
2 raw Jerusalem artichokes, grated;
1 teacup chopped raw Brussels sprouts;
1 teacup finely chopped watercress;
1 teaspoon chopped onion (optional);
2 oz. cheese;
A few lettuce leaves, or inside cabbage leaves;
Oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, sugar.

Mix rice with onion and add watercress so that rice takes on a nice green colour. Make a dressing with 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar, 1 tablespoonful oil, salt, pepper and a little sugar. Dress rice mixture with this.

Line the salad bowl with leaves of lettuce or cabbage. Heap rice in centre, and put round it little piles of carrot, artichoke and sprouts. Grate cheese over the rice, and serve.

CHICORY AND POTATO SALAD

2 heads chicory;
1 bundle watercress;
3 potatoes;
Vinaigrette dressing.

Cut up chicory and potatoes and put in the salad bowl. Dress with vinaigrette dressing and leave to marinade for half an hour before it is required. Surround the mixture in the bowl with bunches of well-washed (and dried) watercress.

SEAKALE SALAD

Cooked seakale;
Chopped parsley;
Cooked Brussels sprouts;
Vinaigrette dressing.

Left-over cooked seakale and Brussels sprouts make a delectable salad mixture. Mix together in the bowl with dressing and leave for half an hour. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

Nursery Crimes

I'm Little Jack Horner,
I sit in a corner,
Eating my thumb, or mud pie.
Buttons, thimbles or string,
I chew any old thing,
It's a wonder I really don't die.

Little Jack Horner may be getting sufficient quantities to eat but he is not getting the correct diet. If he bites his nails, chews charcoal, wood, and eats earth it is a sign that he is suffering from a calcium deficiency. Calcium-containing foods are: milk, cheese, buttermilk, oranges and turnips. Don't punish him, thank him for giving you this warning sign.

I'm Little Boy Blue.
Though I've no horn
I'll make enough noise. Mama's forlorn.
I'll not stay put. Attention, please.
If you slap me I'll yell in higher keys.

Little Boy Blue has vitality, good health, and energies that may lead him into mischief unless well directed. Give him absorbing things to do each day. See that he has a good quota of outdoor exercise. Never be noisy with him, modulate your playtime fun and excitement—remember that all children are mimics and he will laugh louder, shout louder, talk louder than you do.

I'm Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary.
I sulk, I scream, I pout.
I won't eat my food,
Refuse to be good.
I'm a mis'ry to have about.

Don't try to coax Mary, she needs a mixture of rod and argument. Make her realise that she is a sensible child, not a personality, old enough to behave sensibly, young enough to have to do what she is told. If her health is good her behaviour is pure exhibitionism. But look to her liver. Try with bright stories and happy-making conversation to cheer her; get her interested in something other than herself—and give her plenty of interesting little jobs to do.

I'm little Boy Peep
I've lost my sleep,
I'm feeling so cross, I'm crying.
I've pulled at my ear, and I've pulled at my hair.
But I won't go to sleep—I'm not trying.

This child is in need of soothing make-believe; a sleepy-time story. Always speak to him softly, never let him get excited before he goes to bed. Try to soothe him into drowsiness with stories of animals, fairies and little boys who were always sleepy—fill the nursery with an atmosphere of dreams. Make sure that he never gets mentally over-tired, and that his evening meal is easily and perfectly digested. Don't growl or nag at him.

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Like Rabbits?

This is the month in which you should start your year's rabbit breeding. Two does can provide you with about thirty-five to forty rabbits in the year (allowing four litters of about five per litter each) if you start early. Rabbits like breeding in the sunshine, and in the months starting from now you will find much free fodder in the lanes and weeds of the country.

Food The average amount of food needed daily by each adult rabbit is to 2 oz. of well-balanced foods per pound live weight of rabbit. All garden waste, pea haulms, grass, dandelions (not too many) can be utilised for food. If you remember that potato foliage, raw potatoes, rhubarb, onions and any mildewed greens or frosted root vegetables are poison to rabbits, you are fairly safe.

Hogsweed is a great favourite from the lanes, and you should try and make hay from the garden lawn or lane sides in the summer, for the winter. Plan to keep four does next winter and you will get an allowance of bran mash for them. Learn to make a pot mash of scraps for them much as you would for hens—potatoes and potato peelings, and all the scraps of the kitchen will suit them well. You can give water if you like. There are two divergent schools of thought on this subject, many never giving their rabbits anything to drink at all.

Accommodation Single hutches should be 3 feet by 2 feet by 1 foot 9 inches. Double or breeding hutches should be two single hutches joined together and a doorway cut in the common side. The breeding side should have a front wooden door while the other living compartment should have a front wire-mesh door; both doors should open so that it is easy to clean the hutch floors out thoroughly when necessary. Every second day is the usual time.

During the winter months keep the floors covered with straw, or deal sawdust. In the summer you need only have straw in the breeding compartment.

Varieties Favourite for flesh is some variety of buck crossed with a Flemish Giant doe, or Belgian Hare doe. Many people think that the Belgian Hare rabbit (although certainly not a hare because hares will not breed with rabbits) has too strong a flavour, in which case it is wise to keep to the Flemish Giant, and have a good Old English or Silver Grey buck.

Your rabbits should have bright eyes, short claws, sleek well-groomed coat, white teeth, and a fairly dry nose—never buy a rabbit that is suffering from a wet nose or snuffling; and look into the ears for signs of canker.

Breeding When ready to be placed with the buck the doe will show signs of excitement, although it is not always necessary to wait for this because, if the doe is ready, the mating will take place after she has been with the buck for a few minutes. If this does not take place, you will have to take her away and put her back with him in a few days' time.

Never put the buck into the doe's hutch, as she may, if not ready, attack him viciously. If the mating is successful she will make her nest in two to three weeks' time (allow her plenty of hay for this), and this should not be disturbed. The litter should arrive thirty-one days after mating. If it is necessary to examine the litter do so on the second day, after rubbing the hands well with a little of the hutch hay, and then leave well alone.

The young should stay with their mother for four weeks in the breeding months, although the last litter can stay for eight weeks.

After the first three litters the doe is ready to breed again when the young have been removed, providing she has been well fed all the while. She should have plenty of drinking water, and if possible a little milk when feeding her young, and should have maximum rations from the beginning of the second to the beginning of the fourth weeks, as this is her most trying period.

Watch the young carefully for signs of cold and any eye congestion, bathe the eyes if there are any signs of discharge; another complaint that is rather common is pot-belly, caused by overeating of greens, so change their diet at once. The average amount needed by young rabbits separated from their mother is about 1 oz. of concentrated food per day with a liberal supply of grass, hay and green stuff. You can keep lots of about six young rabbits together until the age of three months, when the bucks and does should be separated.

Does are ready for breeding at six months and bucks should be ready for killing at that age or even earlier—a well-fed buck of the Flemish Giant strain will be ready for fattening at four and a half months if he has had good rations.

Pelts Can be cured roughly at home. Stretch the pelt and tack it tightly stretched on to a board and scrape with sharp knife to remove any fat. Keep in a dry place and sponge daily with a mixture of alum and water (12 oz. of boiling water on 4 oz. of alum). Hang up to dry for a week and then pumice for a few days until it is soft. It is always advisable to have the pelts cured at a specialists, rather than finish them at home, because, incorrectly treated, the skins can give the wearer a form of dermatitis.

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Cousin Edith

I HAVE a great admiration for my cousin Edith.

She is the only woman I know who manages to combine a man's self-reliance with womanly looks and charm.

Her adoring but foolish parents brought her up in luxury, then left her penniless and untrained for any work. Edith promptly found herself a job as a domestic servant — much to the horror of some snobbish members of our family ! Somehow she became a cook, steadily saved up a little money and then, without asking anyone's help or advice, opened an excellent little cake shop at one of the South Coast resorts.

She was running this happily and successfully when war broke out. Most of her customers gradually evacuated, the holiday traffic ceased, and it soon became obvious that she would not be able to carry on.

It was then that Edith, for the first time, came to me for advice. She told me she would like to help in looking after children evacuated from bombed areas. Did I know how she could set about it ?

Well, the country town where I live is in a reception area and I am an old bachelor with a house far too large for me, so the solution was obvious. Edith moved in and began to organize the house to receive a contingent of young and boisterous guests.

It was during this period that Edith began to look pale. She seemed to lose her "sparkle." There was a great deal of work to do and it was obvious that she had to *drive* herself to do it. She would retire early to get a long sleep and still be tired the next day. I felt that she was like a tree that has been transplanted and languishes in its new soil. So much so that I called in my doctor, an old friend and a sensible fellow who spotted the trouble at once. Edith was only getting what he called 2nd Group Sleep.

It appears that there are three sleep groups. People who suffer from actual insomnia are in the 3rd Sleep Group. The 2nd Group are the people, like Edith, who sleep *long* enough and yet feel tired even when they begin the day. The 1st Group Sleepers are the people who get a really good night's sleep every night and are completely rested and restored by it, so that they always start the day brimful of energy. Doctor told Edith that Horlicks could help her to get this 1st Group Sleep.

From that day, Edith made herself and me a big cupful of this delicious beverage every night. It was soon obvious that it was just what Edith needed.

The tired, drawn look left her. She began to get back her old sparkle and liveliness. The work went with a swing. "I think Horlicks gives me a reserve of energy and it certainly gives me 1st Group Sleep," she told me. And I agree.

So would you if you could see Edith now with our guests — the young monkeys ! She does everything for them, works from morn till night without ever wilting, and is happier, I think, than she has ever been.

* * *

During sleep, your body and mind should be completely rested and restored so that you are alert and brimful of energy next day. If your sleep does not "mend" you in this way, you cannot be your best or do your best. To keep yourself fighting fit you *must* get into the 1st Sleep Group with the people who are energetic and purposeful from morning till night. Horlicks will help you to get into the 1st Sleep Group. In every way it will build you up and enable you to put out the extra effort needed from each one of us to-day.

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Come East, Young Man

(*Continued from page 12*)

Why should I travel when I'm already there?—does not apply to a great number of Bostonians who have exchanged New for Old England.

A great number of men and women have come back to the homeland after brief and successful sojourns in the west. There is the case of the son of an Englishman, domiciled in Detroit, called Stanley. He achieved some distinction as a transport engineer in the United States, and returned about thirty years ago (about the time that a certain Mr. Gordon Selfridge embarked on the long road to British citizenship) as a consultant on the building of underground railways. He remained long enough to give London what is undoubtedly the world's finest transport service, and to become known as Lord Ashfield. One of his lifelong American friends is Mr. Ralph D. Blumenfeld, who for a quarter of a century edited the "highest" of Tory penny papers, the *Daily Express*.

The last war gave great impetus to the American commercial invasion. Europe's pre-occupation with war had given the United States a great start in the struggle for world markets. She had captured the motion picture and cheap car industries. Thousands of American business men took up residence here on behalf of their firms, and remained to stay as citizens. I know one American who came across in the Canadian Army last time and stayed to become a corset king. American advertising agents, American cinema agents and producers, technicians of all kinds marched with the invading dollar. Hitherto England had absorbed such American immigrants. Now, in the post-war years, the battle seemed rather to be going to the invaders: for they had the forces of propaganda on their side. American films and American magazines gave a fillip to the nation's mind, jaded still after the events of 1914–1918. Ford cars and wireless sets, American jazz and American slang crept in boldly, where before 1914 they (or, at least, their predecessors) had been tolerated with kindly disdain of the *Punch* order, which as recently as ten years ago was still depicting American tourists in knob-toed shoes (circa 1910) padded shoulders and pork-pie hats.

Yet apart from considerations of commerce, there were other attractions. The spirit of youth symbolised by the R.A.F was already manifesting itself before the R.A.F. made its call for young men. Britain, home of sports—sleepy Britain—was also becoming the high altar for worshippers of speed. Mr. Whitney Straight and Mr. Robert Sweeney were not the only young Americans to settle here. Nor men like Mr. Negley Farson, who took British citizenship to join the R.F.C., surrendered it again for his native American, came to work in England for the *Chicago Daily News*—and left that paper after an accusation that he had become too British; and somewhat acquiesced in the accusation by continuing to live in London.

JUST about the turn of the century another trek westward had begun from the North American continent, a more logical one doubtless, but none the less surprising. Perhaps it started with the Canadians who went to South Africa to fight in the Boer War; perhaps it evolved from the first imperial conferences, when England began to realise that Canada was no longer a colony, but a nation with a will of its own. The motives prompting the return across the Atlantic were varied, but the movement was definite.

Thus we have the Canadian bloc in finance, industry and politics. Sitting in the House of Lords is the former Mr. R. H. Bennett, Canadian Prime Minister, who came to England because he felt he had finished his Canadian career and *wanted* to come. But can young Mr. Max Aitken have felt he had finished his career when he came here thirty years ago? Whatever the motives, he settled down in England; if "settled" is the right word. Then there was Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons and at No. 10 Downing Street; and for many years Sir Gilbert Parker in the House.

The last war increased the strength and permanency of the Canadian invasion: surgeons, barristers, officers in all three Services, men "retired" in the twenties like the airman, Billy Bishop, V.C., were scattered over the British Isles as residents, not just transients. A forceful character like Brigadier A. C. Critchley helped to remould national pastimes. He was sold on the idea of popular greyhound racing, and promptly re-sold it to the British public. Critchley brought with him ice hockey from Canada and saw that it was staged under suitably lavish conditions. Another Canadian Army man was little Mr. Billy Butlin, who started a houpla game at Skegness with a line of live canaries and soon found himself a fair "king" on such a scale that foreign governments bid for his services.

Another Canadian, Mr. Garfield Weston, inherited his father's biscuit business and dared to crash the preserves of the English biscuit market. He recently got himself elected to Parliament, and has been a lavish contributor to such causes as Spitfire Funds.

So much for some of the North Americans who have found fame and fortune in the British Isles rather than in the golden west. To what lengths has reciprocity gone?

Strangely enough, we have returned intrusive American propaganda with intrusive English propaganda and most of our human exports to the United States have been of a cultural order. Years ago we leased or lent the Barrymores, *père et mère*, to the American stage, and the trickle of actors and actresses of the generation which saw George Arliss crossing the Atlantic had become a steady torrent until the war. Where to start? And where to cease? There is Charlie Chaplin and Ronald Colman and Laurence Olivier and Madeleine Carroll and Alfred Hitchcock and Nigel Bruce, and so many others that it is rare to see an American film without at least one English player in a major role.

On the stage the two most popular women of the moment are without doubt Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Miss Lynne Fontane, both of London, England. And on the cultural side we also do quite a brisk line in re-exports: for instance, Mr. John Barbirolli (an Englishman of Italian parentage) who has conducted the New York Philharmonic, Mr. Alexander Korda (but recently an Englishman from Hungary) busily being patriotic in Hollywood, and Mr. Eugene Goossens (an Englishman of Belgian parentage). You might wind up the long and varied list with such a couple as Miss Gracie Fields and Sir Thomas Beecham.

But there we stop!

No Englishmen (or women) sit in Congress or Senate, although the two Roosevelts are the only non-Anglo-Saxon, or British Isles origin, presidents since Washington. An Englishman has only to open his mouth in public (even in peace time) to be suspect; always excepting prearranged utterances, such as on the stage or screen. No woman of English birth berates the American public for its drinking habits, or because it does not do this or that. The United States remains a far harder country to crash than the supposedly hidebound English.

Of one thing I am certain: the volume of American fiction, and literature in general, which has been surging eastwards since the last war, is going to continue to increase. Americans of late middle age were brought up on a diet of English authors: Britons of early middle age and younger have largely been brought up on a diet of American fiction to a degree almost incredible unless one runs through the lists of fiction's best-sellers of the past fifteen years, as I did the other day.

Lease and Lend from America? Nothing new in it at all!

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CROOKES' ZINC CREAM
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are severely restricted — restricted, in fact, to such an extent that their use for toilet purposes is no longer fair to those who need them for strictly medical reasons.

¶ HEALTH MUST take priority over everything, and the Crookes Laboratories have therefore made arrangements that such supplies of these products as are available shall be issued only for essential purposes.

¶ SUPPLIES OF the above preparations are therefore now obtainable solely on Medical Prescription. These prescriptions, which must be obtained from doctors, can be presented to any chemist, who will then be able to order the necessary supplies.

¶ THE CROOKES LABORATORIES are confident that the public will welcome this decision, which has been taken entirely in the interest of those who should at all times have first call on scientific preparations for their treatment.

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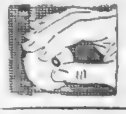

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Not So Dumb

(Continued from page 15)

someone who *is* intelligent. The man I'm waiting for, for instance—he'd enthral you, Mrs. Vallance. He's travelled, cultured, good-looking, supremely intelligent. He's a Cuban."

Adela said: "What a wonderful person! I'd love to meet him. I think all South American men are so vital. Most of the men one meets to-day are so ordinary, aren't they?"

"Look," said Flagg, "Santos D'Ianazzi is coming through the lounge now."

She looked. Flagg noted with approval that she caught her breath.

D'Ianazzi came through the glass doors into the bar towards them. His shoulders were broad and his body tapered down to a thin waist and lean hips. His hair was black and waved beautifully. His face, tanned to a superb olive, was long and his chin was pointed with a dimple in the middle. His eyes were brown. He had thick black lashes. His forehead was broad and intelligent. He gave an impression of controlled strength, of agility both mental and physical. His clothes were perfect.

Flagg said: "Santos, this is Mrs. Vallance—Mrs. Adela Vallance. She's a very intelligent person as well as being a very beautiful one. You two people ought to take to each other."

D'Ianazzi said: "I would like not'ing better than to talk for a long time to Mrs. Vallance. How unfortunate I came here to ta-alk beezness weeth you."

Flagg said: "You don't have to talk business with me. I've settled the business about that cigar shipment. I'll probably see you to-morrow. Can I drop you anywhere, Mrs. Vallance, or would you rather talk to Santos?"

D'Ianazzi said: "If you take the so beautiful Mrs. Vallance away from me I promise you I will keel you at the first opportunity. I theenk she is the mos' wonderful thing I have ever seen in my life."

Adela said: "Mr. D'Ianazzi, you are as big a flatterer as Mr. Flagg. I mean to say I expect you say that to every woman you meet."

D'Ianazzi said: "I do not meet many women, señora."

Flagg said: "Well, I must go. Forgive me for running away, Mrs. Vallance. I'm looking forward to seeing you again."

Adela said good-bye vaguely. Flagg could see that all her interest was for D'Ianazzi. He nodded to the Cuban, walked out of the bar, through the lounge, out into the street. He was smiling, showing his white teeth.

IT was nine o'clock. Adela Vallance and Santos D'Ianazzi were sitting on the settee in the small bar at the Le Duc. D'Ianazzi said softly:

"So really, Adela, you do-on't like theese war. You ha-ate it. Tha-at's why you ta-alk about it." He smiled sympathetically. "I know," he said. "It ees a sort of escape. You ha-ate it all so-o much, it frightens you so-o much, that the only thing you can do is to ta-alk about it all the time. Ta-at way you theenk you can do away weeth some of the fear."

She said: "I think you're right. All my friends think I am just sort of scatter-brained. Do you know," she went on, fixing him with her blue eyes, "do you know that they actually had me up at Scotland Yard and gave me a warning. They said I had been discussing one of the best kept secrets around every cocktail party in the West End. Well, I'm not that sort of person at all. You've guessed that?"

D'Ianazzi nodded.

"Of course, of course!" he said. "The trouble weeth you is you are much too sensitive a person to be in theese atmosphere of the war the whole time. How I wish it were possible for you to get away from it."

"I'd love to get away from it," said Adela. Her voice changed. D'Ianazzi thought that for once she was actually speaking the truth. She went on: "I don't think anybody's ever understood me before. Directly I met you I knew that you'd that thing that most South Americans have — an understanding of women."

D'Ianazzi's face was *very* sympathetic. He said:

"I kno-ow. You are too sensitive for thees—too sweet. It ees a sha-ame that you should be here."

"Well," said Adela. "What can I do? Where do I go? How does any one escape?" She leaned forward, put her white slim hand on D'Ianazzi's knee. "Where does one escape to?" she said.

D'Ianazzi said: "You should live in Cuba. Cuba is sooch a beautiful country. There ees marvellous scenery, lovely theatres, beautiful flowers. The sunsets are so gorgeous they would ma-ake your heart ache. The sea ees always blue. No-obody ees ever bad-tempered." He shrugged his shoulders and sighed. "I'm homesick myself," he said.

Adela sighed.

She said: "I think I'd give two fingers off my right hand if I could go to Cuba."

D'Ianazzi smiled at her. He looked straight into her eyes.

"You could go-o to Cuba if you wa-anted to. But first I theenk you ought to ha-ave a leetle drink. What you wa-ant is a champagne cocktail—a large one. Forgive me for a moment."

He went to the bar. Adela could hear his soft voice with its delightful accent giving precise instructions to the bar tender.

When he returned the waiter was just behind him with the tray. D'Ianazzi handed her a glass.

"Drink tha-at," he said. "You will feel so-o much better."

Adela sipped the champagne cocktail. She said:

"I think you're awfully funny. I mean to say you say the strangest things, don't you? You said I could go to Cuba. Tell me how I can go to Cuba."

D'Ianazzi said: "It ees quite simple. I will tell you now."

He began to talk to her. His voice was very low, very soft. Adela was feeling pleasantly odd. She thought possibly it was the effect of the champagne—plus Santos. She listened attentively. A strange feeling of well-being permeated her mind. The war which she feared was beginning to recede into the background.

He said: "You mus' understand ta-at in Cuba there ees a great friend of mine. Well, a couple of years ago he had a leetle trouble with his wife and she went awa-ay. She went to Paris. My friend wanted to get a divorce but he could not beca-ause he did not know anything about her—where she was or wha-at she was doing. It ha-as always been an understood thing between heem and me that if ever I should co-ome across her I would let heem know.

"Well, I have co-ome across her. I've found out all about her. I've got all the evidence tha-at my friend wa-ants. Now the theeng ees to get it to heem. You see, I'm not going ba-ack to Cuba for another six mont's. That's a lo-ong time to waste." He smiled. "Especially when one wa-ants to marry somebody else as my friend does."

"I see," said Adela. "You want somebody to take the evidence back by hand?"

D'Ianazzi nodded.

"Well, it's a delightful idea," said Adela. "I'd love to do it. But you're not seriously suggesting, Santos, that I go to Cuba merely to carry a letter containing legal evidence to your friend? What should I live on while I was in Cuba?"

D'Ianazzi nodded.

"Tha-at would be all right," he said. "As a matter of fact, my friend would have a first-class job for you in Cuba. He ees a man of importance. He would look after you."

He looked at her quizzically.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that cef it wa-as arranged *(Continued on page 52)*

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that there would be a nice position for you in Cuba and yo ha-ad not to worry about money—do you mean to say tha-at you would go?"

Adela swallowed hard. Then she said with a little gulp: "Yes, I would!"

"All right," he said. "Then it ees settled, Adela. Leesten! First of all about the money thing . . ."

HE put his hand into his outside jacket pocket and produced a leather case. He opened it. Adela saw in the case, nestling against a white velvet background, one of the most superb diamond bracelets she had ever seen in her life.

D'Ianazzi said: "You can ta-ake that bracelet with you. You ca-an wear it. When you get to Cuba anybody will give you the equivalent of about seven t'ousand pounds for it. After you ha-ave seen my friend and given heem the letter which I shall give you, he will arrange a ver' nice job for you—something not deeficult—something that ees well paid."

Adela nodded. She felt almost hypnotised.

"I see," she said. "And when do I go?"

"The dây after to-morrow," said D'Ianazzi still smiling. "There ees a bo-oat leaves tha-at day. I ha-ave friends here and I ca-an let you ha-ave a passport. So-o all you ha-ave to do is to be ready to leave the day after to-morrow. Can you do tha-at?"

"Yes," said Adela triumphantly, "I can."

"Well, tha-at ees all settled," he said. He produced a notebook. "Will you write down your address?"

Adela took the pencil, wrote down her name and address. She handed the book back to D'Ianazzi. He said:

"I'm going to give you the letter and the bracelet now. I am doing that because I shall not be seeing you again. Some time to-morrow evening I shall send you round your passport and your steamship ticket and a letter of introduction to my friend." He showed his white teeth in a smile. "Isn't it marvellous to be going to Cuba?"

"Wonderful," sighed Adela.

D'Ianazzi put his hand in the left side pocket of his jacket. He produced a thick heavily sealed manilla envelope. It was addressed to Señor Enrico Faragos at an address in Havana. He handed it to Adela.

"Now there ees the letter with the evidence in it for my friend. I'm going to ask you to be ver' careful and not lose it."

"You needn't worry," said Adela. "I shan't lose it."

"There ees only one other thing," said D'Ianazzi. "I don' theenk it would be a good theeng if you were to tell your friends that you were going off suddenly to Cuba. I would ha-ate anything to turn up to stop you going."

"You needn't worry about that," said Adela. "I'll be as silent as the grave."

D'Ianazzi got up. He said:

"Thees has been wonderful. One of those sudden, unexpected and quite delightful meetings that end in a marvellous adventure. When I come ba-ack to Cuba in six mont's time, I shall find you settled there and 'appy and comfortable. And then you and I mus' dine together and ta-alk about a-all the theengs we have not had time to ta-alk about now."

"Yes," said Adela. "That will be wonderful, won't it?"

D'Ianazzi held out his hand. When Adela put hers into it he carried her fingers gracefully to his lips.

He said: "Adios, señora."

He went away.

She watched him walk across the lounge and disappear. Her heart was pounding violently. She was almost gasping with excitement. After a few minutes she got up. She walked quickly out of the bar, along the passage and into the telephone booth. She dialled a Park number, gave a little gasp of relief when Jimmie Daynor's voice said: "Hallo!"

Adela said breathlessly: "This is Adela. Listen, Jimmie, you've often told me I was a fool. Everybody's told me that I talk too much, that I can't keep quiet—that I'm a menace. All right. Well, I've done something that all you clever people couldn't do."

Daynor said casually: "Well, you seem fearfully excited about it, Adela. What have you done now?"

"This evening," said Adela, "I met a Cuban. His name's Santos D'Ianazzi. He was introduced to me by a man called Flagg, who seems to know Leonore Adams."

"Go on, Adela. I'm all ears," said Daynor.

"Well," said Adela with a gulp, "the Cuban was most interesting. I told him I was fed up and bored with everything, and he said I ought to go to Cuba. He said I could go to Cuba. When I asked him how, he told me that if I took an envelope he's given to me with some papers inside it to a friend of his in Cuba, he'd arrange my passage; arrange for me to have a job there. He's even given me a most wonderful diamond bracelet so that I should have money when I get there. I ask you!"

Daynor whistled softly.

"It certainly sounds odd," he said. "You think he's a spy or something, do you?"

"I'm certain of it," said Adela. "I sensed it immediately. You can take it from me that there are plans or something in this envelope. He knows jolly well it's got to be delivered by hand, and he thinks I'm fool enough to do it. What ought I to do, Jimmie?"

Daynor said: "Just get into a taxi-cab and come over here. Bring the envelope with you."

"All right," said Adela. "I'll do that. I'll come at once. Isn't it exciting? I mean to say it's *too* exciting, isn't it?"

It was half-past ten when Adela arrived at Daynor's apartment. Her fingers, tightly clasping D'Ianazzi's thick envelope, were trembling. Daynor opened the door. The sight of his broad honest smiling face comforted Adela.

He said: "So you've arrived, carrying the secret plans with you! Come in, my dear."

He stood aside while Adela walked across the cool hallway into the sitting-room beyond.

She said: "Well, you can laugh at me if you like, Jimmie, but there is something very odd about this business."

"Maybe," said Daynor. "Help yourself to a cigarette, Adela, and let me look at this mysterious envelope."

She gave him the envelope. He slit one end of it, pulled out the packet of papers.

After a minute he said: "My god!"

Adela, in the action of lighting a cigarette, looked up.

"Well, what is it, Jimmie?" she asked.

"This beats everything," said Daynor. "You were dead right. This is one half of a set of plans of a new Bofors gun they are making here. By jove, Adela, you really have pulled one this time. You'll probably get an O.B.E. for this."

Adela said: "Well, there you are. So I'm not such a fool after all, am I, Jimmie?"

"On this occasion you certainly are not," he said.

He stood, the papers in his hands, looking out of the window, thinking.

"What ought I to do," Jimmie?" said Adela.

"Don't worry," he replied. "Leave those papers with me. I'll look after this business from now on, Adela. Now tell me exactly what happened to-night."

She told him. He listened attentively. Eventually, when she had finished, he said:

"Well, all you have to do is to go quietly home and wait the arrival of your passport and the rest of the stuff. Whoever brings these things round to your place will be working with D'Ianazzi. The police will have that gentleman taken care of and I expect he'll tell the whole truth to save his skin."

Adela said: "I suppose you'll see the police at once about this, Jimmie?"

Daynor said: "Don't worry, my dear. I'll see that Mr. Santos D'Ianazzi is taken care of."

Adela sighed.

"It's been a marvellous adventure," she said. "I shall have something to talk about for the rest of my life."

The doorbell rang. Daynor went into the hallway and opened (*Continued on page* 54)

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the door. After a few seconds, Adela, her eyes wide, saw him as he backed into the sitting-room with both hands held above his head. Over his shoulder she could see the smiling face of Santos D'Ianazzi and behind, the saturnine Flagg.

D'Ianazzi said: "I'm so-o sorry to be such a nuisance, Adela. But you see we are not such fools as you theenk. We knew Mr. Daynor was a friend of yours and we knew that eef you ca-ame here to heem immediately after I had left you, you were not going to play square with us. We thought tha-at you might like to ta-alk too much to Mr. Daynor." He looked at the table on which the opened envelope and the papers lay. "We were right," he said.

Flagg shut the door. Daynor, his hands still in the air, was standing in front of the fireplace. D'Ianazzi, smiling, stood in the centre of the room, an automatic pistol levelled at Daynor.

Adela sat where she was and gasped.

Daynor said: "You can't get away with this sort of business in this country, D'Ianazzi."

The Cuban grinned.

"Mr. Daynor," he said, "you'd be surprised. Shall I tell you wha-at we are going to do?"

"I'd like to hear," said Daynor evenly.

D'Ianazzi shrugged his shoulders.

"It ees mos' unfortunate for you and the beautiful Adela," he said pleasantly. "You see, we ha-ave to get tho-ose papers out of the country quickly, which ees not so-o easy. These Engleesh are not such fools as people theenk. Well, Adela looked like a good chance, but I wa-as not quite certain, so-o we waited to see wha-at she would do. It ees mos' unfortunate for you."

Daynor asked why. D'Ianazzi said:

"We ha-ave got to keel you—bo-oth of you." He turned to Flagg:

"Hubert, ta-ake Adela away. Ta-ake her into the next room or somewhere while I fineesh our friend here."

He was smiling. Adela opened her mouth to shriek, but before the sound came Flagg hit her across the mouth. He led her out of the room. Adela went quietly.

D'Ianazzi looked at Daynor. Daynor began to speak, the words tumbling out of his mouth. He said:

"You can't get away with this. They'll get you in no time. You must be mad."

D'Ianazzi said: "On the co-ontrary I am ver' sane. They'll certainly get us eef we don't deal with you and the beautiful Adela. So-o we are going to do it."

Daynor gulped He said:

"You'd better listen for a minute You're working for U.A.1, aren't you? If you were after the plans of that Bofors gun I'll bet any money you like that Schnimnel is your boss."

D'Ianazzi whistled softly through his teeth. He dropped the barrel of the gun. He said:

"Theese ees mos' interesting. Go on."

Daynor relaxed. He said:

"Well, what's the odds? I've been working for Schnimnel for three years. I know how badly they want those plans. The joke is I've got the first half of 'em. I thought they might be able to reconstruct the second half with what I've got. I was getting out with it to-morrow. My passage to Portugal is arranged."

D'Ianazzi said: "Theese ees what you call a scream! Theese ees the thing that happens once in a million years. All right! I'm going to believe you eef you can prove it."

He went to the writing desk by the window and brought out a packet of papers. They were the first half of the plans. Underneath them was a code book. He handed them both to D'Ianazzi.

D'Ianazzi said: "That eese good enough. So-o you're the man that Schnimnel used to call Johnnie?"

Daynor said: "That's right."

D'Ianazzi went on: "Theese ees lucky. You can go to Portugal and you can ta-ake all the papers with you."

"All right," said Daynor. "But what about Adela?"

D'Ianazzi said: "Adela has go-ot to die. She knows too much. We'll tell her tha-at the whole thing was a jo-oke to try and stop

her ta-alking. We'll let her go now but we'll keel her later to-night. I theenk you have been ver' clever being such a good friend of Adela."

Daynor said: "You bet I have. The information I have got from that woman is nobody's business."

D'Ianazzi said: "All right!" He called out: "Hubert, bring Adela in."

Flagg came in. He was still holding Adela.

D'Ianazzi said: "It ees a sha-ame that we ha-ave frightened our poor Adela so much. Let her go, Hubert, the jo-oke's over."

Flagg got it. He grinned happily.

Daynor said: "Sorry about this, Adela. This is all my fault. I thought it was time that someone taught you a lesson. I'm sorry if we've frightened you. Maybe you'll remember this."

Adela said: "You beast, Jimmie. Oh, you beast! I'll never forgive you for this. You gave me a terrible shock. You've made a fool of me." She looked at D'Ianazzi. She said: "And I *hate* you!"

D'Ianazzi said: "Not really—just for the moment. Pliz to give me ba-ack the bracelet I ga-ave you, eef you don't mind."

Adela fumbled in her handbag. She found the bracelet, handed it to D'Ianazzi. Then she walked out of the flat. The hall door slammed behind her.

Flagg said: "What's the idea?"

D'Ianazzi grinned.

"Would you believe it?" he said. "Hubert, theese ees Johnnie. Schnimnel thought a lo-ot of Johnnie The other jo-oke ees he's got the first half of the Bofors plans. He ess taking the lot to Portugal to-morrow. Johnnie's no fool."

Flagg said: "Well, I'll be damned. What a break!"

D'Ianazzi lit a cigarette. He inhaled the tobacco smoke slowly. He said:

"You've got to ta-ake care of that woman Adela, Hubert. You'll have to feex her some time to-night. She ees dangerous—she ta-alks too much."

Flagg said: "I'll fix her."

D'Ianazzi said: "So long as you let me know to-morrow that Adela's been ta-aken care of. That ees all I wa-ant to know. Well, good night, Johnnie. Nice journey to you."

He went out of the flat, Flagg at his heels. When the front door closed quietly behind them Daynor lit a cigarette, stood in front of the fireplace smiling.

ACROSS the road was a telephone box. D'Ianazzi went inside. He dialled a Whitehall number. After a moment he spoke. Strangely enough he spoke perfect English. There was no trace of a Cuban accent. He said:

"Good evening, sir. This is Dizzy speaking. It came off. We got at Daynor through Adela Vallance. We pulled that stunt on him that we arranged. He talked. He's got the complete set of Bofors plans and he thinks he's going to Portugal to-morrow to deliver them . . ."

He listened while the voice at the other end spoke, then he hung up. He came out of the telephone box into the cool night air. He said:

"Well, Hubert, it came off, didn't it?"

Flagg said: "Daynor must be chortling. I suppose they'll shoot him within the next fortnight."

"Probably sooner than that," said D'Ianazzi, whose name was Jones. "It's a lovely night, isn't it, Hubert?"

They began to walk towards Knightsbridge.

ADELA VALLANCE swallowed two aspirin tablets, drank a little water. She leaned out of bed, picked up the telephone from the bedside table. She rang a number. She said:

"Is that you, Leonore? Well, I've got something absolutely amazing to tell you. I'd never believe that a man could be so unkind; I have had the most fearful joke played on me and by the last person in the world—Jimmie Daynor. You'll never believe it when I tell you. I mean to say—listen to this . . ."

END

BEAUTY

answers the call . . .

But . . . serving with "Ack-Ack" won't spoil that

Schoolgirl Complexion

War need not make the slightest difference to your Schoolgirl complexion if you remember — and act on — this simple truth: Millions of women have proved for years that a daily bath with the rich, velvety, olive oil lather of Palmolive will give you a natural beauty treatment from head to toe. It will keep you "schoolgirl complexion" all over.

3½d. *Including Tax.*

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McVITIE & PRICE BISCUITS

WE know that many people are missing the delicious chocolate-coated and fancy biscuits for which we were famous before the war.

We feel that it would not be fair to produce such goods just now, as they require too large a proportion of valuable labour and of ingredients which are in short supply.

We are therefore concentrating on our standard sweet and plain biscuits, such as Digestive and Cream Crackers, and feel sure that the public will approve of this policy, which enables us to increase our total output.

We cannot make enough to meet popular demand but are doing our best and available supplies are being distributed equitably.

Supplied only through Retail Shops & Stores

McVITIE & PRICE LTD

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The Americas Demand

Saville's English Perfume

New York, Washington, Buenos Aires, Toronto—the smartest cities in the Western World have discovered Saville's English Perfume, and the demand is now so great that it exceeds the supply. Yet the sale of Saville's Perfume abroad means urgently needed Foreign Currency for the British Government. So for the present the whole output of the famous perfume "Mischief" will be reserved to meet the ever-growing export demand.

Saville are, however, pleased to announce that supplies of their latest creation

"SEVENTH HEAVEN"

are still available but, by reason of war time conditions, supplies are restricted.

SAVILLE

CV8—131

BLANKETS THAT ENDURE
You're fortunate if you already possess
'MODERNA'
ALL PURE WOOL
Woven with 33⅓% more threads than any other quality blanket. That's why "MODERNA" Blankets are so gloriously soft and warm! GUARANTEED odourless and won't shrink. Lucky if you have them already, because today so few can be produced for home needs. Ask at your Stores if they hold a stock of "MODERNA."
In 5 lovely Pastel Shades.
2 sizes, 72" x 90" and 84" x 92".
GUARANTEED ODOURLESS AND WON'T SHRINK

Acidity

(*Continued from page* 34)

acidity in your system. Exercise, plenty of water to drink and a sensible diet will help to keep your bowels functioning normally. If you have any trouble, treat yourself to some vitamin B in the form of a wholemeal cereal or Bemax, which is particularly rich in anti-infection vitamins and peps up your body resistance generally.

Remember that acid will deposit itself in every nook and cranny of your system if it gets the chance. There it will lay doing its work of destruction unless you take measures to root it out. Keep on rooting for all you are worth. You may not be able to kill your acidity, but you can certainly disarm it.

Exit Lines

(*Continued from page* 35)

beneath the chin. Even thin women are apt to get a blurred, sagging look if they aren't careful.

What's the remedy?

First of all you must understand the cause. Zena Daysh, famous health and figure expert, says it is all due to faulty posture. She goes so far as to say that she has never seen a double chin on a woman who holds herself properly.

For this reason it is useless to pat and mould and exercise a double chin unless you first of all learn to stand right, with the back of your neck stretched to its fullest extent. If the muscle at the back of the neck is allowed to sag, the muscles at the front will sag, too, and you will get flesh forming on droopy chin muscles, and also a droopy bosom. Stretch the back of the neck muscle fully, and you are well on the way to curing the chin.

Lastly, a wonderful exercise for keeping your face unlined and young looking, and for curing headaches. It's so easy, just shrug your shoulders, round and round, first forwards and then backwards. Repeat until you can feel all the tense head, neck and shoulder muscles loosening up. This increases the flow of blood to your face, relieves congestion, gets rid of that knotted-up look which, more than anything else, makes a woman look old before she need.

On Duty and Off

(*Continued from page* 32)

Middle-age spread with fatty accumulations at the nape of the neck, below the bust and round the hips are caused by unbalanced activity of the pituitary and thyroid. In the bad old days the middle-aged woman had to put up with all this discomfort. Nowadays a good doctor can save her all this trouble.

If you class people according to their most dominant gland of internal secretion, then most redheads would be labelled the adrenaline type. Red-haired people can thank the adrenals for their pluck, quick temper, fair skin and freckles. The over-active adrenal cortex is blamed in cases of superfluous hair. There is a close tie-up between the adrenals and the utilising of oxygen in the tissues. The parathyroids work to maintain a steady level of calcium in the blood, and if their work is interfered with the teeth and nails will suffer. The hair will also be affected. The pancreas influence the digestion. Very little is known of the pineal gland except that it seems to be tied up with sex development. As to the thymus, this is a Peter Pan gland which keeps children young, and its importance recedes with adolescence and only traces are left in the adult.

It is high time that a specialist wrote a book on this subject in simple language so that a woman might read it and learn how the functioning of these glands affect her personally, and how her own doctor can assist her in keeping them in proper working order.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

not care a jot for the wars and quarrels between European peoples—and invited him to visit the palace often, since he took much delight in conversing with so learned a man.

As time went on, Adams became a regular visitor at court. He instructed Jyeysasu in mathematics, a subject in which the emperor took a keen interest. He was also entrusted with the task of building a ship in the European fashion. After a few months the vessel was launched amid great rejoicing —the first of its kind to be built in the country, and by an Englishman.

Many times Adams asked leave to visit his native country to see his wife and child; but the request was never granted, since he was too useful a man to be dispensed with. He was introduced to several attractive Japanese girls, in the hope that one of them might induce him to settle down where he was. And before long the plan proved effective. The beautiful daughter of an important man, Madame Kageyu, made her mark on the reluctant heart of William Adams. From her he learned to speak Japanese. One day the word "marriage" stole into the conversation which they were having beneath the paper umbrella. Of course, Adams had a wife in England; but England was a very long way away—and the lovers resolved to ignore the fact. Thus Adams laid the foundations of his second marriage, in the Land of the Rising Sun.

The Portuguese were still more infuriated by this event; but by now Adams was the intimate friend of Jyeysasu, and he could snap his fingers at them. He owned an estate with a hundred farms and eighty slaves, and had besides an annual salary.

In April, 1611, the East Indies Company sent three vessels, the *Clove*, the *Hector* and the *Thomas*, to Japan, under the command of Captain Saris. Thus, after thirteen years, William Adams had the joy of introducing to Jyeysasu the commander of the first mercantile fleet to come from his own country.

In those thirteen years he had done many noteworthy things, including the building of a second ship of one hundred tons constructed to take back to the Philippines the Governor of Manila who had been shipwrecked on the coast of Japan.

When Adams obtained at long last the permit to return to his own land, his dainty Madame Butterfly had already presented him with two children, Joseph and Suzanna. Their little faces were a blend of the best characteristics of both races.

As it turned out, he never reached England after all. But when he died he left ample evidence that he had not forgotten the lawful Mrs. Adams. In a letter written by the agent Coks to the Company of the East Indies we find the following news of our hero:

"Our good friend William Adams, who has resided for such a long time in Japan, has left this miserable world the 16th of last May (1621). He has chosen me and William Eaton as his testamentary executors. In his will he has left one half of his assets to his wife and his son in England, and the other half to his son and daughter here in Japan, the total legacy being of £600 sterling."

For many years the memory of William Adams lay buried among the Company's documents; but in 1872 on a hill near the village of Hemimura and the port of Yokosuka a memorial stone was found, together with the tomb erected by Joseph Adams for his father and mother. There are no memorial stones in England to William Adams. Hemimura has the only one, and it overlooks Yokosuka, one of the greatest arsenals and shipyards of modern Japan, where she is constructing her powerful battleships.

In the light of present events, poor William Adams must surely be turning in his grave.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

"BUT ANNE, THIS COUPON BUSINESS ISN'T TOO BAD IF YOU PLAN! I BUY 'CELANESE'—I KNOW HOW MARVELLOUSLY IT *WEARS*, HOW WELL IT *WASHES*, HOW GOOD IT *LOOKS*. YES, OF COURSE, I HAVE TO LOOK FOR IT, BUT IT IS WELL WORTH WHILE!"

'Celanese'

In UNDIES, NIGHTIES, PYJAMAS, DRESSES, DRESS LENGTHS, MEN'S SHIRTS, DRESSING GOWNS, TIES, PYJAMAS & CHILDREN'S THINGS . . .

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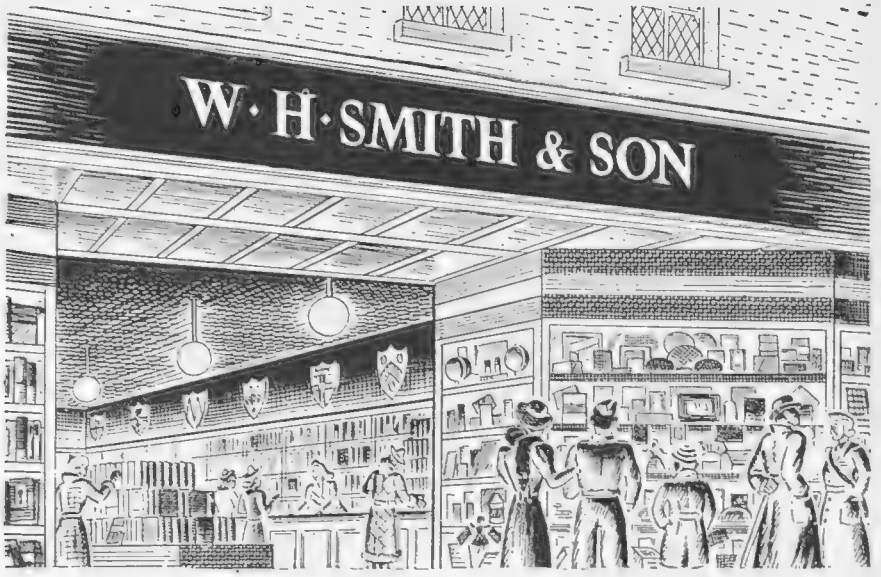
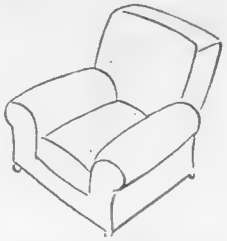


Whatever part you are playing in the national effort, in uniform or overall, making munitions for the Forces, or making rations go farther for the family, there is a book that will help you—many books in fact, costing no more than a shilling or so. Look in at your nearest W. H. Smith & Son bookshop for one that answers your special needs. Or use the station bookstall; there is no extra charge for books that have to be ordered.



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. . . as to whether they shall be born. All responsible couples wish for the number of family which they can raise, educate and shield from hardship.

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ANTISEPTIC TABLETS Brand

Known for 25 years as SPETON. Absolutely safe : no quinine or irritant. *Endorsed by the Medical Profession.* British made and British owned exclusively by Coates & Cooper Ltd., Northwood, Middx. *Free on request, in plain sealed envelope, Brochure BE.9.—"Planned Parenthood."*

OF ALL CHEMISTS – ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

First Command

(Continued from page 17)

good position for the attack, but they needed to get a little nearer.

"Steer ten degrees to starboard, number one."

The submarine heeled slightly as the wheel was put over. They were approaching the enemy rapidly now. The captain could see the destroyer escort fussing around the convoy like gaunt and watchful sheepdogs.

The first lieutenant spoke anxiously: "Can you see what they are, sir?"

The captain adjusted a knob on the shaft of the periscope and his lips parted in a smile.

"Troopers," he said, "nice big, fat troopers! And there's one that's a little fatter than all the others!"

They were almost in position now. If they went any closer the destroyer nearest to them would almost certainly see the periscope track. He probably had anyway.

"Stand by!" said the captain.

The largest troop ship was silhouetted in the middle of the periscope.

"Fire!"

The man at the firing levers drew back his right arm sharply. The submarine shook as the torpedo left the tube.

"Fire!"

Once again the boat shuddered.

"Down periscope," shouted the captain, "hard a'port."

The submarine rolled a little as they turned. The attack was over. Once more the hull quivered. They heard the echoes of a distant explosion. The captain rapped out an order and the periscope broke surface. He pressed his eye against the sight and swung the shaft round. For a moment there was silence, broken only by the humming of the engines and the sound of the firing number recentring his levers. Then the captain spoke. There was a triumphant ring in his voice and he was smiling.

"Got her!" he said. "Got her with both of them as far as I can see—God! What a mess!"

The news spread round the submarine within five seconds. In the engine room a grimy stoker whirled a spanner above his head and did the first few steps of a hornpipe. The firing number wiped the back of his hand across his forehead. With the other he reached for the knife in his belt and cut a large notch in the wooden seat of a stool beside him.

"Poor old Hitler!" he said.

The first lieutenant was watching the captain anxiously.

"Any of the destroyers coming our way?"

The captain nodded briefly and held up two fingers He wasn't smiling any more.

"Down periscope," he shouted. "Maximum depth, number one!"

The submarine dived steeply as the men at the flooding levers obeyed the order.

"Stop engines!" said the captain.

The submarine lay still like a dead thing. There was no sound but the breathing of the men. They all knew what to expect. No need to warn them. No one spoke. They all knew the infinite value of the oxygen in the hull. It was much too precious to waste in mere words. The captain looked at his watch. The first one should be coming soon, he thought. Those destroyers were doing at least twenty-five knots. He glanced round the confined space of the control room. Every man was at his post, gripping wheel or lever. He read his own anxiety reflected in all their faces. The anxiety of suspense. Damn it! Why the hell didn't they get on with it. He thought, quite inconsequently, of his wife. She would probably be out walking with the dogs now. He wondered if the spaniel had got over his swollen feet. The stoker in charge of the periscope mechanism looked rather like a spaniel, he thought. Big brown eyes, trusting eyes. He wanted to laugh. God! How he hated this waiting.

It hit them like a blow from some gigantic mallet. The captain was thrown off his feet and hurled against the bulkhead. He heard the tinkling of broken glass as the light bulbs

were shattered. Another followed it. The submarine leapt sideways and the air seemed suddenly to contract, pressing in on them, crushing them. Then the pressure eased and the captain picked himself up. There was a sharp pain in his left wrist. The beam of an electric torch shone round the compartment revealing men lying huddled against the side of the hull.

"Place secondary lighting!" It was the first lieutenant, speaking quietly, as if nothing had happened.

Throughout the length of the hull men were already busy with torches, seeking out leaks and signs of strain. The engineer officer crawled through the hatch and spoke to the captain:

"Leak in the engine room, sir!"

"Bad?" The captain's voice betrayed none of the anxiety he felt.

"I think we can manage it, sir. Have to come up at night, though."

The captain nodded. "All right, chief. Do what you can and see no one makes a noise if it can possibly be avoided. I don't want to be picked up on their hydrophones now."

The engineer officer tiptoed away. When he reached the engine room he found that the water was lapping over his shoes. It would be a close thing if they ever got home at all. He lay down flat and shone his torch in the direction of the leak. Two stokers were working on it, lying flat in the water.

Another explosion sounded some distance away—then another. The captain was staring at the compass. That seemed to be working at any rate. He glanced at the first lieutenant.

"They're going away," he said. "We'll surface in another three hours."

The first lieutenant grinned. "Congratulations, sir!"

THE captain leant against the side of the bridge and drew the clean night air well down into his lungs. It was difficult to realise that only three hours ago they had lain helpless so far beneath the surface waiting for death. He took out his handkerchief and wiped some blood from his collar. His nose must have bled pretty thoroughly. The navigator drank the remains of his cup of cocoa and picked up a sextant.

"Should get some sort of a fix, sir. The horizon's not too bad."

Half an hour later he laid aside a signal pad covered with figures and pointed to a neat dot, enclosed by a circle, on his chart.

"That's about it, sir."

The captain bent down and looked at it.

"Steer two six nought," he said.

The helmsman repeated the order and brought the submarine round on to her course.

"Thank God for the stars," said the captain.

Down in the engine room the engineer officer and two stokers were sharing a flask of rum.

"Strictly against the rules," said the officer, "but then so's trying to work in six inches of water!"

The first lieutenant was lying stretched out on his bunk. He was just wondering whether they would get a fortnight or three weeks' leave at the end of all this, when he heard the alarm bell jangling in his ear. In less than a minute he was up on the bridge beside the captain, staring out into the darkness of the night.

"What is it, sir?"

"E-boat, I think. We just saw his wake over to starboard. There he is!"

"Must have seen us!" said the captain.

As he spoke he saw the white track of the torpedo coming towards them.

"Hard a'starboard! Open fire!"

The submarine heeled hard over as the gun fired. The torpedo sped past the bows only five feet away.

"Blimey!" murmured the signalman of the watch. "'Ain't we 'ad enough excitement for one trip?"

They could see the E-boat quite clearly now. The first round had fallen beyond her.

Once more the gun (*Continued on page* 60)

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

From your Chemist, 2/3 and 3/4
V216 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

Shoes scarcer, dearer

YET COUPONS AND MONEY SAVED

BUT I MEAN THIS COUPON BUSINESS AND HIGH PRICES, AND CLOTHES GETTING SCARCE··· WELL I THOUGHT —
THAT YOUR WIFE WOULD LOOK A BIG FRUMP! SILLY BOY. YOU DON'T NEED A COLONEL'S PAY TO HAVE A SMART WIFE. I'LL TELL YOU MY SECRET TOMORROW

THE NEXT DAY
YOU SEE, SIR, SHOES LIKE THESE WILL SOON BE UNOBTAINABLE. SO MADAM TOOK MY ADVICE AND NOW SHE BRINGS HER NEW SHOES TO ME TO BE FITTED WITH PHILLIPS RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS BEFORE SHE WEARS THEM. THEN THE ORIGINAL SOLE AND HEEL NEVER TAKE ANY OF THE WEAR. THE SHOE NEVER LOSES ITS SHAPE
PHILLIPS RUBBERS
REPAIRS EXECUTED

You must make shoes last longer now. It's a national duty. Leather is scarce and shoes will cost more and more. Every time you buy new shoes or have old ones repaired get Phillips Stick-a-Soles and Phillips Heels fitted. Phillips Soles are fixed firm as a rock with Phillips solution only—no nails, no screws. Then your shoes will last longer, look smarter, and never be down at heel. If your shoes just need heeling, fit Phillips Heels. Phillips save you money at every step.

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Phillips Soles and Heels are entirely British made.

Mother! Constipated Child needs 'California Syrup of Figs'

Hurry, Mother! A teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative now will sweeten the stomach and thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of this gentle, harmless laxative. It never gripes or overacts.

Ask your chemist for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Mother, be sure to ask for 'CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.'

roared. Too short. The E-boat disappeared for a moment in a gigantic cloud of spray.

Up on the bridge every one was lying flat. Machine gun bullets were striking the armour plating above their heads with sharp metallic cracks. One of the loading numbers at the gun clutched his shoulder and reeled away.

"Third time lucky," whispered the gun-layer.

There was a flash and the sound of an explosion. The E-boat seemed to leap out of the water and then fall back again. But her engines had stopped now and there was no more firing. She sank slowly, stern first.

"Port twenty," said the captain. "I'm going to look for survivors."

THEY remained on the surface all the next day. The following afternoon they sighted land. A destroyer going out on patrol swept past them. They heard the sound of cheering coming from her decks. The captain took off his cap and waved in recognition. He suddenly felt immensely proud of this submarine of his and of her crew.

END

Books

(*Continued from page 28*)

is the root cause of the trouble, and that by world co-operation a basis for a lasting peace can be achieved. There are numerous charts, tables and maps, and his section on the problems and aspirations of Japan in the Pacific makes accurate reading at the moment. This is a book to study and keep by you when you feel argumentative and want to be sure of your facts, or to make your own plans for the future; even if you do not, as I did not, agree with all the author's carefully worked out conclusions.

And so we come to London. "Pepys and Wife Go to it" (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.) is really a continuation of the Pepys' diaries of the last war by R. M. Freeman. He takes us from the beginning of the war till the end of 1940, dealing with the everyday events we all know, but feel unable to put suitably into words, with humour and understanding. In fact this is a remarkable study of Mr. Everyman, in which the trivial worries play their correctly important part, told in the style of the great diarist. Were Pepys alive today he would be proud of his successor.

Phyllis Bottome has gone into new fields in "London Pride" (Faber & Faber), which I consider as good a six shillingsworth as you will find. She tells the story of Ben, a tough little dockyard Cockney, Em'ly, his girl friend, two years older than him at the age of nine, and of their families and neighbours. This is a first-class description of the reaction to the blitz by typical Londoners, given without exaggeration or any attempt to whitewash.

In contrast "They Stayed in London" (Faber & Faber, 7s. 6d.), by the prolific George Sava, loses by its heightened colour and overdose of the coincidental. No book which George Sava writes is ever dull, and his portrait of various happenings in London during the blitz could not fail to entertain. But I remain slightly incredulous, even though I praise his ingenuity, especially of a gem of a story about Joan washing her Darby in a tub during a raid, and following it up by allowing the old man to drink his soup, as he desired earnestly, out of a hot-water bottle.

To end the list I offer "London's Burning" (Robert Hale, 5s.), in which Maurice Richardson gives one man's view of the A.F.S., and his experiences during the biggest fires and the worst of the raids. It is unvarnished and so straightforward that it is never exciting despite the greatness of the subject, but it makes a historical record, coloured by the clever character portraits of his fellow-workers and of their station. Curiously enough perhaps the best part has nothing to do with fire or fire fighting, but describes the hotel in Maida Vale in which the author lived when off duty.

END

Ladies in Waiting

(*Continued from page* 9)

you will find hardly a modern woman in it who has made any outstanding contribution. There is none on the Politburo in Soviet Russia—although it is the custom in the Soviets to create all the women delegates possible in all branches of State or political service; in the United States we have Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary for Labour, whose level-headed, firm judgments have been invariably useful to Roosevelt in almost ten years of the New Deal—but we hear of no other name; in Germany, the name of a woman in politics is never heard, even in Berlin; in England (as I do not wish to engage in personalities) you may take your own choice—and have your own opinions—as to just what *noticeable* contributions they have made to national life. The laws of libel make me silent as to what I think of, let us say, *one* woman M.P., who, apparently, must have her little say in the House of Commons on every subject (upon which she has either none or, obviously, only the scantest knowledge)—yet for whose real contributions you may search *Hansard* in vain.

I FEEL I can say this, because it was in *Britannia and Eve* itself that I advocated, just before this war started, that women should be employed more fully in British colonial administration. I stated then, after a fairly intimate survey of Africa, that a British "woman housekeeper" appointed to each mandate or colony would probably refuse to tolerate some of the living and food conditions that British male administrators just accepted as "that is the way natives live." She need not bear such a "domestic" title, of course! Here, and I am keen in pointing it out, is another field; wide, legitimate, even urgent, where women would be of invaluable service—and thus find fine careers. As a matter of fact, one of the best-informed, most capable authorities on British colonial affairs is Miss Margery Perham, of Oxford.

I stress this common *attitude*, held by would-be woman leaders, that their battlefield must be the political field, because—since the crusading figure of Mrs. Pankhurst—there has not been one British woman figure who has caught the imagination of the country. The red-headed, dynamic, hard-working Ellen Wilkinson has unquestionably established a place for herself—particularly when addressing political meetings—but, otherwise, there just isn't any one. And the result is that British women—as women—have no "national woman figure" upon whom to pattern themselves, or even to get a lead from to-day. And I say this with all due apologies, respects, and admiration for such a fine woman worker as Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P.

AND so what? Let's see what this lack of an *inspiring woman leader* has led to in this war effort. The other day the woman who runs the women's uniform department of one of London's biggest stores said to me:

"It's the most amazing thing to watch these young girls come in here and try on every uniform in the shop before they can make up their mind which Service they will join! They simply join the unit whose uniform suits them best!"

I pointed out that as any woman getting into uniform these days knew she was going to be in it for an indefinitely long time, she had a perfect right to select the colour and cut which she thought she would like best to live in. Also I pointed out some L.A.A.S. women I knew, who had been in their unspectacular blue dungarees for over two years—sitting in bare private "parlours," or cold garages, except for a few vivid nights—bored to death, who long ago had forgotten they were in uniform at all. If there ever was any romance (in this war) connected with brass buttons it had long since become dull. (*Continued on page* 62)

She knows that Barker & Dobson's VERONA CHOCOLATES are now unobtainable, and that even Barker and Dobson's VIKING CHOCOLATES and REGAL FRUIT DROPS are in short supply owing to war-time difficulties and restrictions on the sale of better-class products. But she is patient when she cannot buy them as she knows that the distributors are doing their best under very trying conditions.

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"If you're to get through the winter safely, you need plenty of the protective Vitamin A," says Dr. Carrot. "Eat more carrots, and you'll get it."

Carrots are one of the richest sources of Vitamin A, and, thanks to the British farmer, there are plenty for everyone this winter.

Watch these carrot recipes — and improve your meals!

Mincemeat

Cook 1 lb. carrots, chop finely with 1 lb. apples, cored but not peeled. Add 4 ozs. dried fruit (previously soaked and chopped if dates, figs, or prunes are used), 2 ozs. shredded suet, ½ teaspoonful mixed spices, pinch nutmeg, few drops lemon juice substitute or vinegar. Mix together thoroughly. A pleasant filling for tarts — and it *takes no sugar*. (It will not keep more than a week or so.)

C12

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Ladies in Waiting

"But these girls in this war have no *enthusiasm*!" was what this woman replied.

This lack of enthusiasms in Britain is largely the fault of an *attitude*, is my firm belief. And that is not merely "the attitude of the Government," overworked as a whipping post. It is something much more traditional than that. First, to orient myself correctly with my women audience, I want to stress the fact that I believe most women instinctively *want* to do some useful war work; next, they have shown during the air raids that they are the spiritual equals, very often the physical equal, of any man.

This British *attitude* is best portrayed by a comparison of women, recent women, in several countries.

THERE was the old Oriental attitude toward women of King Alfonso's Spain; an almost harem-like seclusion (except for the drudging peasant women) which was mercilessly swept aside by the fierce fanaticism of the Spanish women fighting in Republican ranks against Franco's Fascists. Italian Fascism, from what I saw of it in the summer of 1925, and since, gave no particular place of importance to women as such in Italian life. Nazi Germany had young German girls in uniform, but they were not considered part of an emancipatory programme for woman as such—in fact, to reduce unemployment in the factories, the Fuehrer not long before the war was adjuring women to go back to the home: the *Küche-Kinder-Kirche* darkness of the Middle Ages still hung over the German woman's life—until this war began. In France, ever since the original motto of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, the average woman has taken her place as the actual partner of her husband in life—noticeably in the small shops run by husband and wife—but with women playing no prominent part in politics—except as, perhaps, mistresses of politicians of the Laval type. In Soviet Russia the world is already familiar with the enthusiastic energy with which women have adventured into all factors of Russian life. And, if you have ever seen the women of a collective farm at work you have witnessed one of the most joyous endeavours of mankind—especially among the younger women.

In Soviet Russia, from the very first days of the 1917 Revolution, women were *consciously* taking their places in what for them they knew was a very real battle of life.

But in England, except that more and more women were going into business, to hold brain jobs (and that they had the vote, which they did not use with any more intelligence than the men), there was no marked cleavage with the traditional past.

Any more than there was in the United States. And—a thing which did not come into the question in either France or the United States—the old traditional class complexes held on among British women much more viciously than they have among British men.

Also in the same evil fashion, certain British professions still persisted in a class attitude against women. Lest I be accused of generalising I will cite the case of the British qualified nurse—treated in most nursing homes still as something less than a governess, but more than a skivvy. And, for the contrast, I ask you to consider the position of the "trained nurse" in the British Dominions—particularly Canada, which has possibly the finest nurses in the world—or in the United States.

Now these class inhibitions in England (which you are always protesting you have rid yourselves of) are the ingredients from which this *attitude* is made—the attitude which kills enthusiasms. There are too many people in England, especially among women (and, of course, the brass hats), who still think of themselves as "*we*"—and the rest of England as "*they*."

At the time this woman in the Piccadilly shop was telling me how girls tried on

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every uniform—before they could make up their minds as to just which Service they wanted to join—and about their lack of "*enthusiasms*"—there was one women's service in particular which was having a very hard job to get recruits. That very day there happened to be an article in a leading London newspaper depicting how a woman officer of this service came to a midland manufacturing town, and, stepping "like a lady" from a big motor car, began to talk to those midland lassies in a speech of cultured consideration (and condescension) which they could only not understand—but which aroused the very devil in them. This woman, in the eyes of a London woman journalist who was present, could not talk the language of these girls she was addressing—because she was such an utter snob. And by "language," I don't mean accent or local peculiarities of the tongue; I mean the language of everyday working life.

Yet no one who knows England will deny that this type of woman believes in her heart that a secret agreement has been made with Providence that she is the natural leader—in all crises—of her countrywomen. Or can it be denied that these women automatically pre-empt nearly all the officers' places among the war women's services—at least, at the beginning.

Now in politics a woman's physique imposes upon her no handicap; the career calls for no more endurance from her, or even from her audience, than it requires of a man. It may call for more from the audience, as women of Left Wing tendencies are peculiarly less tolerant of the "other person's point of view" than are weary male politicians. But what is particularly interesting about this obvious failure of woman to live up to expectations (Mrs. Pankhurst's) in political affairs is that women, on the average, are much more hard-boiled and realistic about life than are men. The great American critic H. L. Mencken, declares that that is the reason why, although there have been few notable woman poets, there has been such a number of outstanding woman novelists. Mencken, stating that he believes women will probably write the greatest novels of the future, declared that they are better fitted "for this realistic representation (of life) than men." They see *the facts of life* more sharply.

Women are realists. British male statesmen—during the last twenty years—have been building castles in a fool's paradise. This is not a war of frontiers; it is a world-wide social test in which we are all in on the ground floor, whether we want to be or not. If so, if we cannot make the German women see past the Nazis' parades and banners of the crooked cross to the mounds of their dead husbands and sons—slaughtered for a megalomaniac's empire—we can at least hope for a leader to appear among British women, an inspiring realist, to brush aside the "we's" and the "they's," and make the *women* of England, at least—think of simply "us."

END

Black Pastures

(*Continued from page* 11)

Petain, Franco, Mannerheim, Antonescu, all our good Fascist support. On the military side the British can't invade yet: we can hold them with garrison troops. Best of all, we shall get oil."

"We've got oil," grunts Goering.

"Not enough for two campaigns," snaps Hitler. "Suppose we burn up our oil on your western campaign. We shall be in a bad spot. Stalin may attack. He moves down from Bessarabia and nips off Rumania or bombs the oil fields. We shall be in a nice fix then. No. The oil question has decided me. As things have turned out, we cannot reach the oil of Iraq and Iran first; and even if we got there the Russians might strike at our exposed flank. With a good drive on Russia we will be through to the Caucasus in no time."

"There we cut off Stalin's main oil supply," puts in Keitel (*Continued on page* 64)

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smoothly. "His armies can't keep the field with eighty per cent of supplies gone. Twenty million tons a year will solve all our oil problems."

"Since I've been Economic Minister," put in Goering, "I have found that more than half the problem in oil is transportation. The inland water routes from the Black Sea and the Caspian are slow and closed by ice for five months. The Danube and the railways can't cope with Rumanian oil, so there's no sense shipping across the Black Sea. We could risk coast crawls to Greek and Italian ports, but our tanker fleet won't carry more than half a million tons, and it's busy with Rumanian oil. A pipe line from the Caucasus must be a thousand miles long to do any good, and even Todt would take more than a year on that job. We'd be lucky to get six million tons out the first year, even if the Russians left everything intact. But what we are likely to find is dynamited junk."

"You see too many difficulties," retorts Hitler coldly. "Obviously, we shall not stop at the Caucasus. We shall refuel and mount an offensive to drive the British back into the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. We shall appear on the northern frontiers of India, and the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. The British will evacuate Egypt; their fleet will flee through Gibraltar or Suez as we take its fuelling stations. We shall add to Rumanian and Russian oil, the oil of Iraq and Iran. And then, my dear Hermann, we can start your precious western campaign—if the British have not capitulated by then.

"But," continues the Fuhrer, tossing back his hair lock and silencing Goering with a gesture, "we shall still have alternatives. You know my principle of minimum and maximum objectives. If the situation is favourable we shall continue east, sweep through north India and take the oilfields at Khaur and Dhulian, the refineries at Rangoon, the pipelines and port installations on which the British warships and planes depend. By then the Japanese will have taken the Philippines, Hongkong and Malay, stormed Singapore as they did Port Arthur, and secured the oilfields of the Netherlands Indies and Borneo. Then they can go north, thrust the Russians out of the oilfields of Saghalin Island, cut the oil flow to Vladivostock and the Red Far Eastern Army, and gain fuel for a thrust through into Alaska. We shall meet in America."

Outside, Goering says to Keitel: "How he goes on! Well, marshal, I wish you luck with your Russian campaign. I only hope you don't end as Ludendorff did in the summer of 1918. You remember? We had less than a million tons of oil left when he capitulated."

Goering rolls off. Keitel goes thoughtfully away to talk with Halder and Von Bock. In the vast solitude of his brown-panelled chamber, Fuhrer Hitler, inspired, jots down the opening phrases of the victory speech he will broadcast to the world from the Kremlin in the early autumn of 1941.

GLANCE now at the rich pastures which Hitler covets, and must secure if he is ever to consolidate his Teutonic military empire, providing it with the chief necessity of all modern empires: cheap and abundant food for the motors, within the imperial domain.

The pastures are usually split into four, named after the countries which own the subsoil. But if frontiers were drawn along economic instead of political lines, they would all be included within the confines of one oil state. This state would start on the western shore of the Black Sea, taking in the oilfields of Plœsti, Baicoui, Bushtenari, Moreni, in Rumania; its frontier line would then cross to the east coast of the Black Sea, and run on to the Caspian, coralling the immense fields of Baku and Groszy, 150 miles north; thence it would turn south into Iran, scoop in the enormously rich fields covered by the D'Arcy concession, and now owned by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company; bend west, to include the fields on the east and west banks of the Tigris, in the Kurdestan

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district of Iraq, owned by the Iraq Petroleum Company Limited (you can't buy its shares; it's a private company); and shoot thence across the patchwork of Arab lands to the Red Sea and across to Egypt, encircling the fields at Gemsah, Ras Gharib and Hurghada, and moving north, west of Suez, where the refineries are, to join the starting point in the Plœsti area on the European side of the tideless sea.

Historically, this domain is the cradle of civilisation, thick with the dust of vanished civilisations; racially, it is a patchwork of Oriental peoples, remnants of once great and powerful empires; economically and geologically, it is one great black pasture, a kingdom of oil, capable of sustaining life in millions of motors for maybe a century before it runs dry.

If Hitler got it, ownership of the oil would pass to the central financial institutions of the Reich, Nazi-controlled, and to the Nazi elite, who have their fingers in all such lucrative pies. As things are, ownership is less simplified, but, still, not so complex as it was in the wild-cat get-rich-quick days of pioneer oil exploration and exploitation.

Most of the Rumanian oil surged down great steel pipes to the Black Sea port of Constantsa and poured into 2,000-ton tankers, which then rolled around Europe as far as Hamburg (the sea haul to Germany was easier, cheaper and quicker than the inland rail or waterway). Now the swastika tank trains and trucks speed the feed to the Nazi armies, and big black oil barges glide endlessly under the Budapest chain bridges.

Eighteen different foreign groups were busy getting oil out of Russia when the Romanoffs fell, and the Bolshevik Government seized the oil properties without compensation, and nationalised the industry.

Chaos reigned until Stalin, in power, bore down: he needed big oil production for his mass army and mechanised collective agriculture. American technicians were imported, and gradually the percentage production rose in areas more remote and less vulnerable than the Caucasian fields. In the last five years they have got wells spouting at Bashneft and Ishimbayeusk, in the Urals. They get more than a million tons a year from wells in the Tersk range. In all they are believed to have got a production of 30,000,000 tons a year; but over eighty per cent still comes from the Caucasian fields.

Germany nearly got her claws into the Iraq pastures, at the time Sultan-Caliph Abdul Hamid, "Abdul the Damned," had them on his civil list.

The struggle between Deutsche Bank men and the financiers back of the Royal Dutch-Shell group was on when Enver Pasha's Young Turks staged their successful revolt and a new nationalist finance ministry took over the Sultan's civil list. All old deals were off.

But revolutionaries need money; the Turkish national bank was a British show, and its head was Sir Ernest Cassel. The astute Cassel brought the conflicting interests together, and out of the huddle came the Turkish Petroleum Company, a British enterprise.

Some years later the British, with the mandate for Mesopotamia, renamed Iraq, gave France the German interest, and let the excluded and protesting Americans acquire half the Anglo-Persian's fifty per cent interest. Ownership of the 14,500,000 shares of the Iraq Petroleum Company runs now: 23.75 per cent for each of the four groups, Anglo-Persian, Royal Dutch-Shell, the French and the American oil company consortiums, and five per cent for Mr. Sarkis Gulbenkian, who was old Abdul's adviser, and is probably the only man living who knows all the intricacies of this business.

So, after a quarter century of intrigue and struggle, up went the derricks and down went the drills, and one day in October, 1926, the Kurds were startled by a mighty roar. The first well had blown in unexpectedly at 1,500 feet.

Meantime an obscure British general named Archibald Wavell, who knew the country, took time off, on half-pay, to survey the pipeline route (*Continued on page 66*)

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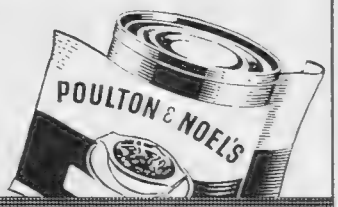

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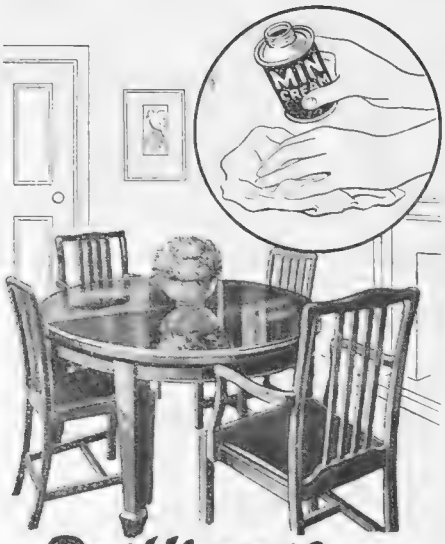

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from the oilfields to the eastern Mediterranean outlets, 1,150 miles away. It took a few years, and £10,000,000 to get the forty-foot lengths of twelve-inch steel tube, electrically welded at the joints, buried a yard deep under four rivers and over hills and deserts, but at last it was done, and now around 4,000,000 tons pours through the great pipe every twelve months, and into the giant storage tanks at Haifa, the Palestine, and Tripoli, the Syrian ports.

Unluckily for the Axis the world's most extensive pastures lie behind wide ocean moats in the Americas. Two-thirds of the world's current oil supply gushes from the thousands of wells in the United States. The flow runs now around 1,500,000,000 barrels a year, with reserves aggregating 20,000,000,000 barrels, and new structures being found, and thousands of new wells brought in every year. Twenty-three of the forty-eight States spout oil. The world's most elaborate transport system, pipeline, tankship, tank car and tank truck, moves the oil in a vast flood from the pastures to the feeding points. With an army which may soon be six millions, maybe 50,000 tanks and hundreds of thousands of military trucks, cars and motor-cycles, 100,000 warplanes, a two-ocean oil-burning navy, and the world's biggest industrial and transportation machine to power and lubricate, and with oil-burning allies to aid, Uncle Sam won't find even his black pastures too extensive.

Women After the War

(*Continued from page 29*)

but the amount is less than that received by a man who is nongainfully employed. In other words, a woman who toils in the home all day is regarded as being of less value than a man who lives in a luxurious hotel and has never done a stroke of work in his life.

Now we have to ask ourselves whether the woman who has worked during the war years and has had a chance of pondering on these inequalities, is going to accept the present economic status of the housewife, or will she demand something which is more in accord with her place in the scheme of things today, and with the democratic principle for which we are fighting.

It is not sufficient to say that women who are dissatisfied can put their children in a day nursery and find work outside the home. Many women prefer to work in their own homes, and nobody can deny that housework and cooking for a family is a whole-time job.

What is needed is recognition by the State and the community that a wife and mother in the home is making an important contribution to society. The whole war effort would be paralysed if the housewives of the country went on strike. They feed the workers, care for their homes and bear and rear another generation. And by workers, I mean those who work in any capacity.

The important part played by women in the home has been ignored, and yet it is of inestimable value. Perhaps more unhappy marriages result from differences over money matters than from any other cause.

If a wife is not so fortunate as to enjoy a fixed allowance, she must often humiliate herself and humbly ask for an extra sum of money with which to buy some household necessity. Women with generous husbands find this galling, but the wife tied to a small mean man undergoes indescribable torments of mind before she approaches her husband for something which should be her right.

The rapid growth of the Married Women's Association, whose chief object is to secure for the housewife a legal right to a share of the family income, furnishes some proof of the desire of the modern woman for an improvement in the economic status of the housewife.

After the war this movement will expand rapidly. Women will be reluctant to return to the home on the same old terms. They will expect no less than an equal partnership.

I believe that women in the post-war world will demand that equal opportunities

"There must be many women who go on suffering at 'these times' just as I did." If only those who suffer from wretched headaches severe pain and mental depression instead of looking upon these things as a natural sequence of their indisposition would try Cephos, they'd never be without it. Cephos contains no harmful drugs. It is the prescription of an eminent Harley Street Physician, a safe and certain remedy. It does not affect the heart. Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 3/-

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in industry and the professions must be offered to all individuals, irrespective of sex. The worker must be remunerated only according to ability, and no other consideration should enter into this side of the contract.

Housewives who work in the home must enjoy the same rights as other workers, and their services must be recognised as having a monetary value by making a woman legally entitled to a share of the family income.

Trimmed with Velvet Bands

(*Continued from page* 40)

centre rib st. and work on one side only, knitting 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 35 sts. Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Work other side the same. Pick up 28 sts. along each neck edge and work k. 2, p. 2 rib for ¾ in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve, and one shoulder seam. Sew press studs to other shoulder. Sew in sleeves, gathering at shoulders. Run a gathering thread down ribs at centre and each side of gathered parts to prevent stretching. Sew on velvet ribbon.

Divided Cables

(*Continued from page* 40)

to front of work. Work next 7 as usual. Now work those on spare needle, p. 2, now rep. the twisting on next 14 sts. Work as usual to end of row. **16th row.**—As 2nd.

Continue the rib for 3 ins. more, then twist as before. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until further notice, and twist again after 14 rows. Work 16th row. Now work as usual up to the centre 30 sts. Secure these 30 on to safety pin. Work to end of row. **Next row.**—Work up to pin, turn, cast on 30 sts. Turn, work the 30 sts., k. Work as usual to end of row.

Next row.—Rib up to centre 30 sts., ending p. 4, p. 30 (then p. 4 more for rib) and rib to end of row. You are now working rib at each end of row, and stocking st. at centre, with p. side of stocking st. to p. 4 side of rib. (Continue to increase at beg. and end of row as explained before.) When 2 ins. of this have been worked, increase the centre stocking st. by 12 sts. (6 on each side) and thus make the rib sts. less at each end. Continue in this manner, every 2 ins., until there are 136 sts. on needle altogether. Work without increasing for a few rows to make side seams 13 ins. Continue spreading the stocking st. by 12 sts. every 2 ins. and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. The stocking st. will by this time be worked right across. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Cast off 34 sts. Return to sts. on pin. Work the cable pattern on first 14 sts. until this strip reaches 2 ins. below shoulder seam. Cast off 2 centre sts. Work cable on other st.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

With No. 9 needles, cast on 54 sts. Work as front, with only 12 sts. at beg. and end of row, in the wide rib instead of 36, and the same 30 sts. at centre in k. 2, p. 2 rib. Work as front for 3 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 80 sts. Work straight until there are 17 ins. up side seam. Now slip the cables on to pin as in front. Cast on 30 sts. behind pin, and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row for 20 rows. Now move the stocking st. over the rib for 6 sts. at each side, as in front, and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. left. Cast off. Return to sts. on pin and work cable on first 14 sts. until it reaches corners of cast-off 30 sts. Cast off 2 centre sts. and do the same to remaining cable sts.

TO MAKE UP

Sew cables along edges of join of rib and stocking sts. in sleeves and on front. Sew up side, sleeve and one shoulder seam. Sew in sleeves, gathering at shoulders. Gather front of neck down into V. Sew press-studs to fasten shoulder.

HOW TO CURE FAMILY COUGHS and COLDS

More Motherly Advice by NURSE E. CAVENDISH the Authority on Family Ailments

MY last article told you how to feed your children in wartime and how to prevent them catching colds. But, however careful you are, kiddies will sometimes pick up coughs and colds, and the only thing to do is to be ready at once to stop them taking hold and developing into something really serious. Remember, this is just the time of year when colds are most dangerous. That is why every mother ought to keep a specific in the house ready for instant use if her kiddies show the first danger sign. Then she can be confident that she will be able to keep them out of real danger.

MAKE YOUR OWN COUGH MIXTURE

Here is a real old-fashioned remedy for Coughs and Colds, which can easily be made up at home and is ideal for children because they like its pleasant taste, yet it brings better results than anything you've ever tried.

Heat half a pint of water, to which you add one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients, and is obtainable at any chemist. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any one of the following: A little sugar, or one or two spoonfuls of syrup or juice from jam or tinned fruit. The whole makes a pleasant tasting mixture which brings immediate results from the most stubborn coughs and colds, and is particularly good for children.

Dosage: Adults, 1 tablespoonful; children, 8-12 years, 1 dessertspoonful; 4-8 years, 1 teaspoonful—each four times a day.

Cut out this recipe to remind you of the dosage and the simple method of preparation.

SMOKERS' 'FUR'

How to detect it— How to prevent it.

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth, do you notice it . . . a rough, woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Get a tube now and clean your teeth with it. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking.

Sold everywhere at 7½d., 1/1 and 1/10½d. a tube (including Purchase Tax). 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

WANTED!
500 MORE USERS OF A LAXATIVE

Last month we asked for the names of 650 men and women who regularly took a laxative.

We did this because we wanted to show them what an amazing difference it makes to one's health and well being if you look after your liver as well. We wanted to send them a free trial supply of KARMOID—the tonic that revitalises the liver.

Honestly, we've been surprised. Every post brought letters from people who've taken laxatives and salts for years and found their efficacy wearing off, just for this one simple reason—unless the liver juices flow freely you can't be well.

So we're making the offer again. We want 500 more people to accept a free supply of Karmoid Brand Tablets and judge the result for themselves.

This is a new method of getting KARMOID'S gentle but wonderfully beneficial action better known. Obviously we could not afford it had we any doubt as to the result, but you are under no obligation whatever. Send us your name and address—a postcard will do—and we will send you a free test supply immediately.

IMPORTANT: We anticipate that the full 500 free test supplies will be quickly exhausted, so write at once to International Laboratories, Dept. 24., Charlbury, Oxon.

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DIFFERENCE

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Others see that difference too . . . that dawn-dewy secret that belongs only to Tattoo! A spell stolen from the gold-dusted South Sea's maidens. Gorgeous transparent stain instead of greasy coating. Glamorous, amorous redness . . . that stays and stays! Tattoo! The only lipstick you put on . . . let set . . . wipe off . . . only the colour remains.

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Tattoo Ltd.

● METAL MAKES GUNS! Keep your Tattoo holder: buy refills, especially in the 4/6 size.

TATTOO your lips!

NOW TEN SHADES

Soldier of the King

(*Continued from page 20*)

Marcia had worn a little hat and a handsome suit of tweeds to luncheon on the day they shopped. He was grateful for the little hat that left so much of her dark and lovely hair for him to see, coiffured in soft abundance, by the labour, he was sure, of many hours. Young and sweet and looking her best for him—a girl with a date in town, like any girl. You'd not suspect there was a war, or that right now she was aware of any pain or anything except that they were lunching and being happy and falling in love. Certainly she did not know that he would be to-morrow, in a Spitfire, diving from five miles above a snowy meadow, with her brother diving, too. Why didn't he tell her they would not be back, because it's rare that any one comes back from any job like that.

In the department store he purchased some little things to give away around the barracks.

He noticed Marcia had great admiration for a compact that was made of silver and enamel, peddling for three guineas, plus new taxes on such articles. She admired it but she didn't buy, and while she purchased stockings, he bought it quickly, put it in his pocket. The crowd was big and busy in the store.

But then, at two o'clock in the afternoon, you knew there was a war. They heard the sirens, so familiar to the residents of London. There was an orderly procession to the shelters. Daylight raids had been more frequent recently. "They won't get through," Joe said. "Not many of them, anyhow. Are you afraid?"

"No. Not very. But it's rather dreadful, isn't it?"

"It ain't peaches and brandy, pal. But we've seen a lot of them. We're still around."

"I—er——" She bit her lips. She smiled and didn't say the thing she'd been about to say.

"You what?" People were hastening, though in order. He stood beside her at the stocking counter with his arm about her waist, inside her winter jacket. Bombs or no bombs, that was all right, he decided.

"Well, nothing, really, Joe. I just haven't been in London during one of these."

"You've been in the country all the time? You're lucky."

An A.R.P. man moved along the deserted aisles of merchandise. He saluted Joe, removed his hat for Marcia. Joe said: "Okay. We'll go and hide. Which way from here?"

They listened to instructions. The sirens were constant. They heard and felt the earth go up, not far away. She put the stockings back and they began to walk. Marcia said: "It's good to be with you, soldier."

He said: "We've got to get out of here. I love you, Marcia." The earth went up again. They stumbled as they walked. They heard glass falling, not so far away, and the anti-aircraft speaking. They could hear motors, too, though not so clearly. The exit they attempted had been closed. A length of trolley track, of all things, stretched across the shattered swinging doors. Plaster fell, and then the dust of it was rising, powdering the exhibited articles for sale.

There were other exits. "I would just as soon sit here," Joe said. "They won't come that close again." There were no others in the store that they could see. "It's almost worth the raid to be alone with you." There was a staircase, broad and carpeted. They sat upon the third step of the stairs. He brought forth cigarettes and looked at her. She took the cigarette and when he'd lighted it she blew the smoke out slowly, watching him.

"Hello, darling," Marcia said. Her hand closed on his hand.

They sat and listened to the sirens. Like hiding from the cops and listening to their whistles, Joe decided. He remembered when he was a kid of twelve years old he had been chased by cops in Buffalo. "Just a crap game," he explained to her. "Nothing criminal. Not Gallagher."

"Gallagher, you are magnificent. Oh, you are magnificent. You make me brave. You make the world brave where you walk. I know. I've heard." Her elbows leaned against the fourth step of the stairs. The smoke of her cigarette passed slowly across her face. This was the time. He placed his big hands under her shoulders. He lifted her and held her very close to him, their lips together, and he thought, I make her brave, while I keep thinking of to-morrow and my heart is in my feet so surely that it bleeds if I but lace my shoes too tightly. "Darling Marcia," he said softly to her. In his private thoughts he told himself: the lights go out to-morrow, Gallagher, you dog. This is the thing you want. You sit here taking what you want, don't count the cost of it to her, the while you know you won't be back, that maybe brother Charlie won't be back. You don't tell her this because you wouldn't stick a knife in baby flesh. She's brave and calm and happy now because she doesn't know any better. She's never even been to London in a raid before. Sits at home in a country house, knits underwear for Charlie, keeps the chin up.

"What's the matter, Joe?"

"Nothing's the matter, darling. Not a thing. It's just that I love you so the thing gets in my nose. I have to stop to breathe."

The tumult in and from the sky had passed. The sirens ceased their wailing.

Marcia looked at her watch. She said: "Darling, I'll have to go."

"Go? You have to go now?"

"Really. But wait for me, darling, until I freshen up a bit." Her lip rouge had been smeared. Attractively, he thought. She looked so young and gay and beautiful. "And, darling," Marcia said. "See if you can't steal the steps. I'm going to remember them. I love the steps. I love you, too."

While she was gone he took the compact he had bought her and put inside of it, beneath the disk of rouge she would probably not remove at first, a little note inscribed in tiny script. He signed it with a row of X's which he said were all his love for her, and one of them, one of the Xs, marks the spot that once was Gallagher, he said, if he should not appear for dinner Thursday night, the Seventeenth of January.

She returned. "I couldn't steal the steps," he said. "That man was watching me. I stole you this."

"Joe—how dear of you! You knew I wanted it. I'll keep it always." She opened it, smiled into the little mirror, did not remove the disk of rouge. She held his arm, tightly and happily as they left the store. "It's been such a short day, Joe. If I could only be with you every day. But we'll have dinner to-morrow, together, just as we planned. Oh, Joe."

"You have to go home now? You really do? I have a few hours left before reporting back."

"Yes, darling. I really have to go."

"Well, we can drive, at least. I'll get a cab. Should take an hour to your place, anyhow."

The cab stopped at his summons. She put her strong gloved hands on his coat lapels and kissed him tenderly and publicly. "Bye, darling. For a little while. Dinner to-morrow."

"But I'm going with you. I'll be good. I'll ride back by myself."

"Please, Joe." She told the cabby something which Joe couldn't hear. He watched her ride away into the traffic, smiling back at him, with one hand waving, her dark eyes shining, loving him.

THE Spitfires dropped to twenty thousand feet, then down to seventeen. They levelled off, full power ahead, with all the horses kicking in the cylinders. Joe watched his instruments and listened to the words of Nedley. He understood. No chance of error now.

Charlie said to Nedley: "One suggestion, captain—if I may. Gallagher's the best of us. He does more tricks with a plane and better tricks. If it's possible, let him pick up the agent. He can do a better job than I can, better job than you can."

Joe said: "How big is he? It's gonna be a squeeze.

"Not so big, Joe. It's not a man. It's a woman. Except we're not supposed to know some things. We just do what we're told. Right, captain?"

"Some things are none of our business," Nedley said. The remark was tightly spoken and intended to censor Charlie.

Joe thought: man or woman, what's the difference? If we make it we won't get away alive. Sure I'm scared, he thought. Scared as hell. Loyal to the Empire. Loyal as I can be and loyal enough to fight a dozen Nazis. But a job like this: they pick you out; they put the X on you because you're not supposed to be afraid; you are a very special guy to do a very special job. Like a bombsight, like a carburettor, like anything that can be used and if destroyed, all right, the hell, they've got some more of you on order. But they're right, of course. They're right. I brought myself to them. They didn't come to me. I said: "Look here; I'm it."

Except that I'm not brave enough. The only empire I have ever known is Gallagher. Everywhere I look around and feel and touch is Gallagher. Oh, Marcia, baby, everybody's scared. You're warm and sleeping in your bed or you'd be scared. God bless you, Marcia.

"Hey, Charlie. Charlie!" There were only minutes now between this time and what would come. "Hey, Charlie, do you ever kiss your sister?"

Charlie didn't answer for a moment, then he said: "Yes, Joe. Christmas, birthdays, holidays. And this afternoon when I saw her for a moment." Charlie's voice was strained and climbing all the time. "After she'd left you, I kissed her, Joe, and she kissed me and kissed me then another time for you."

"For me? For something special, Charlie?"

"Steady now," said Nedley.

"Why, Charlie? Why for me?"

"Because she knows what you are doing, what the two of us are doing. Because she loves you. Let's not talk about it, Joe. Let's do the job. Let you go down and pick her up, because you'll do it best. Yes, Marcia. The agent, the spy, the little lady in the snow. The little girl who went to school in France and speaks the purest French I've ever heard."

"Marcia! Good God, Charlie!"

"Good God and good Marcia. You were not supposed to know. But you've got to know. We're in this thing together."

Dropping lower now and lower all the time and they could see the white spread of the earth as they moved through the lace of tattered cloud against the high wind's blowing. Joe could see it clearly now—this cause and dedication. Courage, purpose and the willingness to die were things made possible by great occasions, by the common will. They were together. They were all together. Now that he'd joined; now that he understood, it would be easier to be brave—almost as brave as Marcia, with her loving faith, almost as brave as Charlie and the boys who held the sky up over England.

"Did she say anything for me, Charlie? Besides good-bye?"

"She didn't say good-bye. She said good luck. She said she has a date with you for to-night that she intends to keep! She said don't stub your nose or anything like that!" Charlie was shouting now.

Gallagher was in the ball game. He was scared, a little bit. But every soldier must be scared at such a time as this.

Nedley said: "Now," and dropped the Spitfire's nose. Joe counted slowly, as he had been told to do. He kicked her over in a dive. The wind screamed madly in resistance to his wings. The girl's face was smiling sweetly to him from the instrument panel in the pit. He was praying softly. He was going down. Then he was laughing as he dived.

END

"Tell me, doctor . . .

surely there's something for such purposes—something for women . . . an antiseptic that's pleasant as well as dependable?"

Fastidious women today know that the efficiency of a germicide does not depend upon an unpleasant smell, a deep, staining colour or a poisonous nature.

'Dettol' is entirely non-poisonous. It does not even stain. A clean, clear fluid with an agreeable smell, 'Dettol' is so pleasant in use that it might have been made expressly for your own most intimate need. Yet, against germs, this modern antiseptic is three times more effective than pure carbolic acid. Ask your doctor. He knows all about 'Dettol'.

DETTOL

TRADE MARK

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

THE LOGICAL TREATMENT OF RHEUMATISM

Many persons taking 'Milk of Magnesia' for acid stomach find to their joy that the rheumatism from which they suffered has also disappeared. This is explained by the fact that most rheumatic afflictions are caused by excess uric acid, which is neutralized by the antacid action of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

If you are racked with pain and crippled by rheumatism, lumbago sciatica, neuritis or gout, it is due to excess uric acid in your system. Correct this by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' daily. It is the ideal antacid for regular use. It will alkalize and sweeten your system. It will rid you of harmful uric acid and, by thus removing the cause of the pain, will quickly relieve your aching muscles and joints. 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax). Obtainable everywhere. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½ (Including Purchase Tax). Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

The Food for General Fitness

DEMAND EXCEEDS SUPPLY
More Shredded Wheat is now asked for than can be made under war-time conditions but we are doing our best to supply where the need is greatest.
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BRITONS MAKE IT—IT MAKES BRITONS

SHREDDED WHEAT 100% FOOD

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Lifeboat (*Continued from page 8*)

we are pullin' that there torpedo back 'owever many miles it may be, for Simpkins to go dibs on. We'd better 'ave a vote on it. No rowin', no share. That's what I say!"

Simpkins bubbled over with startled, strident protest. The others listened appreciatively, suppressing grins. When he tended to run down, one or another threw in an objection to set him off again. The torpedo, of course, was streamlined to the *n*th degree, and made no appreciable difference to the speed of the lifeboat or the work of rowing it. The argument was wholly specious and wholly false. But Simpkins did not see it.

It went on desultorily all day long, reducing him to a state of infuriated scorn. And then, too, he had to tend the torpedo. It did not tow true. The tow-lines could not be adjusted to mathematical accuracy. In the midst of agitated argument Simpkins sometimes had to drop everything to adjust the two-lines while the torpedo tried to dive to an indefinite depth or to yaw insanely to the right or left. At such times, someone was always ready with a suggestion acting like a goad to a bull.

At noon the second mate did not issue rations. The men noticed it. They made no comment, but the pressure upon Simpkins—for diversion—became cruel. At long last Russell seemed to relent.

"Let's compromise," he said in heavy humour. "Simpkins is such a blighter 'e'll talk our ears off. Let's let 'im 'ave a share in the bloomin' torpedo, an' then let 'im pay us for towin' 'is share in."

Simpkins was stunned. His voice rose to a crescendo of impassioned argument. The second mate seemed to hear none of it at all. But it was probably wholesome for the men to have something to keep their minds off the omitted noon meal, and especially off the wounded man for whom they could do nothing at all. But Simpkins was close to frenzy when the second mate stopped the argument near sundown.

"Let it be, now," said the second mate. "You've had your fun. But we're towing the thing because it's the same as a live mine and we don't want to leave it in the track of our steamers. If we're picked up by a navy boat, maybe they'll haul it out of the water. Maybe! But if it's a flying boat or a steamer that finds us, they'll use rifle fire or a machine gun to blow it up or sink it. Don't plague Simpkins any longer."

He issued rations again, and again they were small ones. If they had to pull the whole way to the area of convoy-rendezvous, they would need all their rations. If they had to pull farther than that, even these small rations would be too big. But Russell grinned in heavy humour as he looked aft at Simpkins.

"Too bad you're such a blighted ass, Simpkins. I'd feel sorry for you if I could. But you an' 'avin' y'wits about you! You use your wits contrivin' a way to get even with the 'Uns that're makin' us row so far! Try that, an' I'll see you make somethin' out of it."

Simpkins ate his rations in bitter silence. It was very near to sunset. Presently it was night. The lifeboat of the *Bonnie Lass* went on doggedly at a snail's pace toward the haven the old tramp-steamer would never reach—and which the lifeboat might never reach, either. The wounded man almost certainly would not reach it.

The men rowed, and rowed, and rowed. It became time for a change of oarsmen. Those who relieved the weary men were themselves not rested. Aeons of time went by. The watery stars overhead moved on, and other stars, equally pale and watery, took their place. The men rowed and rowed and rowed.

Then, suddenly, Simpkins said:

"Don't I 'ear engines some'rs?"

The rowing stopped. All men listened. The boat fell off before the wind and wallowed savagely. The man on the lee side pulled it back head-to-wind again. The second mate said:

"I think I hear it. Anybody else?"

Russell rumbled:

"Aye, sir. It's engines somewheres."

The sound was a dim throbbing very far away. The second mate fumbled. Light, startlingly bright, shone in the boat. He had turned on a flashlight. He stood up in the sternsheets, balancing himself accustomedly while the lifeboat heaved and pitched.

The light had seemed blindingly bright when it shone in their eyes. It still made them blink as, reflected from shining walls of water, its beam went winking away into the blackness. But compared to the vastness of the inky night and inky sea, its light was very feeble. The men knew it.

Dot-dot-dot, dash-dash-dash, dot-dot-dot. Dot-dot-dot, dash-dash-dash, dot-dot-dot. Over and over again.

The mate shifted the beam and sent the signal afresh. He shifted once more. The signalling went on for ages. Then, suddenly, there came an answering, winking speck of light.

"They see us!"

The flashlight blinked yet again. The light winked back, briefly.

"They're coming," said the mate. He added, "I could've passed out bigger rations, if I'd known."

He kept the light on, swinging it in wide sweeps for the guidance of the invisible vessel. The engines slowed. The unseen craft came closer, but suspiciously. They heard its engines swing in a wide circle all about them. Then it came boldly in. There was a sudden blinding radiance. A single, extraordinarily powerful hand-flash steadied on the boat. The men in the boat cowered from its glare. It went off.

The loud washing of a bow-wave came to them. Then one of the men in the lifeboat swore. Then another. There were deep and savage curses. Russell said it when he spat and growled in a voice that was thick with fury:

"A 'Un!"

Another light glowed, but it was fainter now, and blue. A guttural voice said:

"Hold up your hands! One man throw a rope!"

The men obeyed, scowling. There were rifles bearing on the lifeboat. A flashlight searched it from end to end. But there were no weapons. None at all. The small boat came close alongside the submarine. It rubbed against the rounded hull. Now and again it bumped. Russell lowered his arms to fend off and hold fast at the same time, with his fingers in one of the long row of vent-holes designed to let water into and out of the superstructure as the submarine dived or broke surface.

A precise voice said complacently:

"English, eh? What ship, and who sank you?"

"*Bonnie Lass*," said the second mate curtly. "Sunk yesterday morning and be damned to you!"

"Ah! Impolite!" The precise voice hardened, and then said tolerantly: "No matter. I have news for you. There was a convoy of thirty ships, day before yesterday. There were six of us lying in wait. We got eight in the first attack, and the convoy scattered, and our planes sank four more. And then, when the convoy re-assembled, I myself sank two and I heard explosions where my comrades were at work. Of the thirty ships, not more than four will ever reach port. Your newspapers will never print it, and you may be put in prison for telling it, if you reveal that you know. But you can tell your friends, in confidence."

"I thought it would be amusing to tell an Englishman the truth, which he otherwise never hears," said the complacent voice. "Now you may go."

The line cast off. The engines rumbled. Simpkins thrust hysterically against the side of the submarine. He babbled:

"Give way, you chaps! Give way!"

The light went out. The boat pulled away from the submarine's side. The sub moved. It went off into the darkness. Its wake heaved the lifeboat horribly about. But the men did not notice. Their voices, cursing the submarine and all the men in it, made a thick and raging growl.

"Here, now!" said the second mate sharply. "It's lies! They all lie. Get back at the oars. The sooner we're in port the sooner you'll know it's lies."

The men pulled, swearing bloodcurdlingly.

Simpkins said suddenly, in a queer voice:

"Listen, you chaps! Listen!"

They heard nothing but the waves and the diminishing throb of the sub's engines.

"Keep listenin'," said Simpkins. His voice took on confidence. It became strident. "You were too 'ot to think, but I 'ad my wits on duty! Remember, you chaps said you'd pay somethin' to get even with a 'Un! Keep listenin,!"

"For what?" demanded Russell suspiciously.

"W'en we were alongside," said Simpkins stridently, "I 'ad the lines of that torpedo in my 'ands. An' I knew if those 'Uns saw them they'd think we were up to some trick. So I ran that line through one of those 'oles in 'er superstructure an' made it fast. One line, you chaps! One. An' you know 'ow it yawed when we towed it with two! That 'Un's towin' our torpedo arfter 'im, an' it's yawin' all over the bloomin' ocean, an' sooner or later——"

A sudden, monstrous flare lit up the sea and even the low-hanging mists above. It was not very far away. A mile at most. Almost instantly the fabric of the lifeboat quivered to the concussion, communicated to it through the water. Then, seconds later, came the sound of the blast.

"You 'ate the 'Uns, wot?" said Simpkins in strident triumph. "I've done you a favour, eh? Wot'll you chaps settle for?"

A full twenty minutes later, with no known improvement in their prospects but a vast change in the atmosphere in the lifeboat, Russell said in sly and heavy humour:

"I say, you chaps, Simpkins is swindlin' us. 'E's made us promise to pay 'im ten shillin's each for him sinkin' that sub, when 'e used our torpedo to do it! 'E only owned a sixth of that torpedo, an' 'e's gone an' shot it off! 'E's got to pay us for that, now! It seems to me 'e ought to pay a couple o' quid for each share 'e didn't own. What do you chaps say?"

He expected—every man expected—that Simpkins would erupt into violent, frenzied argument. But instead, Simpkins said:

"All right, you blinkin' asses. It'll be cheap at the price! The myte, 'ere, is witness. You've sold me all rights in that torpeder an' the sinkin' o' the sub for two quid apiece, an' no complaints, eh?"

The men approved of Simpkins, just then, but they agreed humorously. They had no expectation of trying to collect. It was merely to plague him. But Simpkins inflated himself and with an exaggerated respectfulness begged the loan of the second mate's flashlight. And he turned on the light and fumbled among the clippings in his notebook. And then, shrilly and triumphantly, he read them a clipping. He paused twice to remind them that they had just sold him all rights in the torpedo and the sinking of the submarine. And then he resumed his reading. The clipping was a letter to the *Times*, from a retired lieutenant-colonel of marines, who pointed out that during the first world war merchant ships on several occasions had sunk enemy submarines. On his part, and as a matter of patriotism, he offered five hundred pounds to any group of merchant seamen who in this war should duplicate the feat.

"That's wot you've sold me!" said Simpkins in strident triumph. "I 'ad my wits on duty!"

The lifeboat pulled on through the night. And somewhere, far behind, a convoy of wallowing tramps steamed on toward Britain. The course of that convoy would merge with that of the lifeboat, in the morning.

END

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SAUCEPANS MADE SPITFIRES—OLD BOOKS MAKE SHELL CASES. TURN THEM OUT NOW—THE NEED IS URGENT!

Lucky Family (*Continued from page 27*)

"I'm sick of the word Germany. Remember all I've had from you in a year has been an occasional printed card. Life must be tragic, eh?"

"It is sad, sad." His mother was speaking again. "Every family has someone missing. It is worst in the towns because they are so poor as well, and hungry. And all the time they are watched. Poor France! She didn't merit this!"

But just then Marie bore in the *pièce de résistance*, a fat leg of mutton, and Louis gazed open-eyed as his father went to carve. He was still wondering when glasses were filled with good red wine—unwatered.

"*Et merde à 'Itler!*" Farmer Jules turned to toast his son.

"He doesn't seem to be interfering much with this family," Louis glanced around. "Tell me, name of a dog, how is it done—all this food and especially the wine? They told us there was no more wine in France."

Farmer Jules turned again from the joint, this time to wink at his wife. "Shall we tell him, mother?" But he answered his own question. "Presently. Eat first."

So the Blancs ate. They tucked into the leg of mutton and the accompanying wild salad. They did the same with the home-made Baba-au-Rhum. There was still red wine left when the Camembert appeared, and only the coffee was missing. "But here's the Calvados," signalled Farmer Jules from the sideboard.

"It's like this," he said, drawing up a chair beside Louis while the others rose to go about their duties—all except grandfather, who was helped over to a high-backed chair by the stove. "It's like this. We've got nothing more to do with this war. We are taking no further part in it—meaning we, the Blanc family of Derville. It is all going on outside of us. Let it. By good fortune, we are here buried away in the country. We are only two miles from the town, but it might be twenty-two. We have got our own farm and land and our family is complete. Good. What have we got to do to remain untouched by the rest of the war—and by 'untouched' I mean as little as possible changed from our normal peace-time lives? Three things. Firstly, give what the Germans request. Secondly, keep as much as we wish for ourselves. Thirdly, keep clear of everybody and everything. Only farmers and some peasants can, if they are wise enough, do these things—stay outside the war. But not many are as isolated and self-sufficient as the Blancs!"

"You asked about our table. We've fixed up a cache in the forest behind and we keep it well stocked. It's not hard to cheat the control. Of course, we don't eat as to-day, but you'll see it'll be good enough, even excellent for wartime—this wartime! So, my son, when you hear them talking in the town about the lucky Blancs, be wary what you say. They don't like us. But does that matter to us? We see as little of them as possible. We sell them what is over after the Germans have taken what they want—and the Blancs too!"

His exposition over, the father sat back and looked at his son. "Well?" he invited after a pause.

"It is much to digest of a sudden. It is all of a philosophy."

"Come," the older man rose. But whatever he intended saying next, was never spoken, for just then Thérèse swung the door open and ushered in two Nazis. Orders were rigid: always show them direct to the fount of authority. So only Louis was now taken aback by the sudden Nazi descent. Probably about me, he decided, as he copied his father's bow.

The Nazis inclined too. Indeed, they entered as had they been friendly callers. One of them had been up before, and it was he who spoke, and spoke well (hadn't he learnt his French *en pension* in the town before the war?).

"There is a brief demand of you, Monsieur Blanc," he said. "It is that you will hereafter slightly increase some of your deliveries of livestock and agricultural produce. Here is the new list. I have pleasure in bidding you good day."

It was as quick as that. The farmer who a couple of minutes before had been bragging about having solved things, was left pondering the new exactions.

It always went like that with this bunch of Boches. Farmer Jules told his son so. Impeccably mannered. Eager to be treated as friends. Though never pushing themselves on one. Only if you disobeyed them or ran foul of them in any other way, did their glance take on an unholy light. It wasn't them you were disobeying but HIM.

"But never mind," Farmer Jules consoled himself. "It isn't really as bad as it looks." A sly grin stole over the coarse, ruddy features. "You see, they always pay me in their wretched Scheine, and I pass it all on to grandfather as his share of the farm. He'll be dead before——"

"Hush!" motioned Louis.

The snap of silence was broken only by boards creaking as Farmer Jules crept towards the stove. He was really perturbed and his countenance showed it. Had the old fellow heard?

Farmer Jules leant towards the tall arm-chair, then faced round to his son. He was grinning again, and wagging a finger. No doubt about it. The old fellow was fast asleep. Still, this wasn't the time for any more risks.

"Come," said Farmer Jules. "We'd best talk this over as I show you round."

OLD father Blanc spent much of that night and all the next day separating and re-counting his mattress hoard. If his hands trembled, it wasn't only due to senility. A tempest raged in the frail old body. Cheated! Robbed and swindled after all these years, he, Hyppolite Blanc, whose one aim and passion in life had been to gain every *sou* he could and store it away! As to just who had swindled him, he saw mistily or didn't bother. He read and re-read the letters S-c-h-e-i-n. *Ah, les cochons!*

AT the Bank of France, a clerk glanced at what old father Blanc was taking out of his pockets and piling on the counter. The operation tended to drag out and the clerk interrupted it. "We can't give you francs for that monkey money, if that's what you're after. We can't give you anything, not even a receipt. After the war perhaps. *Perhaps!*"

In the evening old father Blanc went to a second hiding place in his lodgings, this time beneath the floorboards. Though aware of the danger of retaining firearms under the Nazis, he had early on decided that he'd never be parted from *la belle*. That was what mother always used to call his shotgun. *La belle*. He oiled her now and tried her out, everything short of pulling the trigger on a cartridge.

Forty-four thousand. In succeeding days the number was rarely out of old father Blanc's mind. What he'd been robbed of. People noticed that he no longer paid close attention to his sales at market and that he continually muttered. Going at last, they agreed. They were sure of it when stories began to circulate of the old fellow being seen at dusk by the roadside at various points outside the town.

But that and all kindred gossip stopped with a snap when the town woke one morning to learn that a local Nazi had been shot dead. A dreadful fear took hold of one and all. Life, God knew, was pitiful enough without this. People stayed indoors, spoke in hushed tones. Those who had to venture out, did so furtively, and it was through such rare ones that the terms of the Nazi commandant's proclamation spread from lip to lip.

"If the culprit is not apprehended by midnight twenty hostages will be shot. A further twenty will be shot on Tuesday if there is still no result. The town will be fined one million francs and there will be a curfew from sundown to sunrise until further notice."

As the morning wore on, fear developed into anguish as it dawned on the population that no hostages were held locally—no Communists or Gaulleists already imprisoned. Who, then, would be shot? Would they shoot people somewhere else? No, that was too easy a hope; ruled out; not worth a moment's consideration. Local citizens would be called upon to expiate a local shooting.

It had just turned five o'clock when an astonishing sight sped along the main street: three women of the Blanc family shrieking from a trap. Thérèse Blanc, who held the reins, was beside herself too, but one could catch what she was shouting left and right.

"*They have taken all our men!*"

On the steps of the building shared by the Gestapo and the French police, a cordon had been established in anticipation of hysterical scenes. The Blanc women were the first to plead for passage, but quickly other women in like case arrived and presently a crowd had collected, swaying, sobbing, calling, shaking fists. The French inspector had to shout to get his words heard. "The Germans will not see women—unless it's for information!"

"But," screamed Madame Blanc anew, "tell them how we have always given them everything! Tell them we are farmers and that they need us! Tell them our Louis was released by the Germans themselves!"

"And Jean the same!" screamed Thérèse.

"Precisely," shouted back the inspector, "they are taking men from farms because the shooting was done outside the town and with a sports gun only permitted to farmers. As for your Jean and Louis," the inspector shouted on, "the Nazis have noted them badly for non-collaboration."

"But our Louis has only just——"

"Enough! Useless to persist! I tell you the Germans will not see women!"

"*Grandfather!*" Thérèse jumped as the idea struck her. "He's a man! They'll see him! He's the head of the family! Come . . ."

But, as it happened, grandfather was already approaching the scene of tragic hubbub.

"I know, I know," he answered his kinswomen as they pounced on him; and that was all he continued to say as Madame Blanc, Thérèse and Marie competed in priming him. But to the French inspector at the cordon he said: "Take me to the pigs."

In the office of the Gestapo there was much to be done and at sight of a decrepit old man advancing, a burly officer cut matters short.

"What?"

"It is I who fired."

For a second the German glowered down. Then he leant backwards, arms akimbo, and expelled a loud guffaw. The old idiot, trying that on! "Get out!" he bellowed, and expelled a large spit all over the upturned old face.

But old father Blanc wasn't thinking of that spit as he regained his balance from a brutal push. Dimly he was back in 1870 . . . cries from his sister Jeanne in the living-room . . . a big Prussian bestriding the doorway . . . stooping, spitting . . .

"*Ah, les cochons!*"

END

1.2.42

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.,&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 18s. 6d. per annum, 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6½d., and for Canada 16s. 6d. per annum, 8s. 3d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

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